Saturday Review

August 27, 1966 35¢

What do we mean by academic freedom?

Two views

ichard M. Nixon Henry Steele Commager

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IN QUEST OF WEBERN, by Hans Moldenhauer

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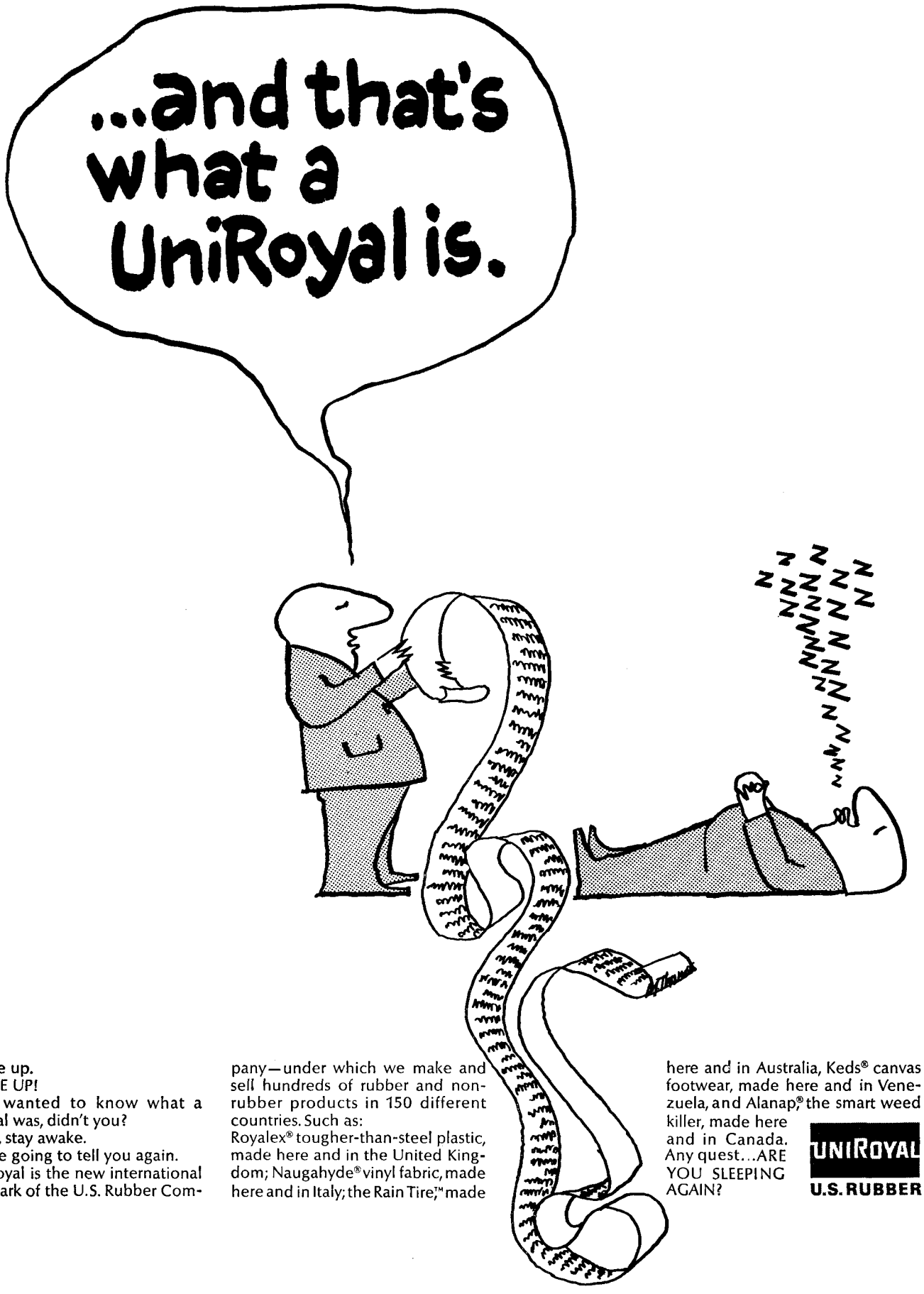

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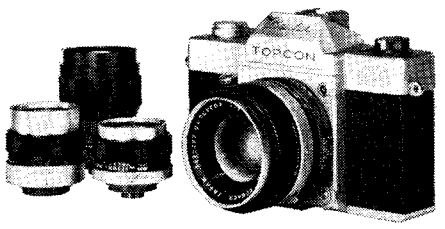

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIX, No. 35, August 27, 1966. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Raymond W. Welch, Jr., 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 417 Montgomery Street, Suite 1005, San Francisco, California 94104; and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.

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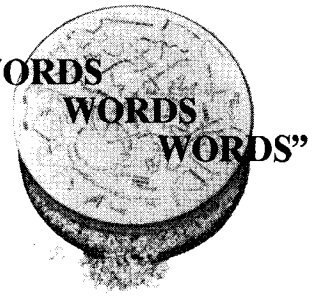

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Reader's Digest

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Sound Off

Edited by Martin Levin

Their Brows Are as High As an Elephant's Eye

(Upon reading reports in various journals that regional theaters, supported by grants from cultural foundations, are shunning the commercial hits of Broadway and turning to more meaningful works, such as Brecht and classical tragedy. . . .)

Let us, then, break into song—to the tune of Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City!"

VERSE

I got to Kansas City on a Frid'y,
By Satiddy I'd seen a show or two.
Not *Fiddler on the Roof* or *My Fair Lydy*
That ain't the kinda junk they like to do.

I counted twenty comp'nies, all actin' *Danton's Death,*
Sophocles was down the road apiece.
'Nen I saw a feller directin' on a stage
And he turned out to be from Athens, Greece.
(Whut next!)

CHORUS

Everyone's doin' Brecht in Kansas City,
It's *Mother Courage* everywhere you go
And Eugene Ionesco is sproutin' in the fields,
There ain't no room for a stalk o'corn to grow.

Everyone's avant-garde in Kansas City,
They're in the silo, waitin' for Godot.

All the crops have gone to hell, but no one cares if they decay,
The youngsters in the barn are pitchin' culture 'stead o'hay,
And the only ignoramuses are right here on Broadway.

They've gone about as fur as they kin go,
(Yes, sir!)
Their brows have grown as high as they kin grow.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Hjalp! Polis!

COMICS HAVE BECOME part of the culture of Europe, South America, and even Asia. At a time when we are suffering severe degradation in the hands of Batman, foreign countries continue developing the fine art of audioscription. (POW! and WHAM! are pretty old hat at a time in history when we have progressed to such descriptive sounds as THWM! THWM!—throbbing of a submarine motor; BUDDA BUDDA DUDDA—helicopter; and PLUP PLUP PLUP!—hot chemicals bubbling in a scientist's retort.)

Impact, speed, and pain, the brick and mortar of the art, elicit surprisingly different sounds to European ears: I TRAAC! is Spanish for a fist in the mouth. I PAAS! is a slap across the face. I R-RAM!—a body drops. Portuguese sound of a punch: TUM!

In Mexico, Batman clobbers a giant with his own club: I TUUACK! (We see here a relationship to the American THWACK!) The giant falls into a lake: I PLAASH! Sounds of anguish are monosyllabic; a cry of pain in French is AOUH! or AIE! Response to a punch in the belly (Mexico) is I UF! or I AAAAY! A French exclamation of terror is HIIII! The Europeans, except in rare instances, are quite tight-fisted with the letters of the alphabet. Never does one encounter the rich rolling extravagance as in our ZZRRRMMMMOOOOOOSHH! (rocket rushes by). PANG! KRAS! (car colliding in Swedish) is closer to the standard. In KRASSSCCHH! the Swedes have extended themselves as far as they dare.

Animal sounds are much more prevalent in foreign comics than in ours. An interesting illustration is the bark of a dog. A Swedish dog is busy: VAVVAVVAV! A Brazilian dog barks in Portuguese: AU! AU! A Mexican dog is poetic: I WOUAH! WOUAH! (also OUAH!). A big French dog is pompous: HAW! HAW!

Two different attempts, both ingenious, at audioscribing the neigh of a horse come from Spain. One is I BRRRRRRRRRF!—the low, contented awareness of a horse about to get a carrot. The other is I JIIIIII!—the high, wild whinny of the challenging stallion. The only American animal sound I recall that can rank with such brilliant simulation is SNOP! (a bear trying to bite off the head of a turtle—and missing).

The classic BANG! BANG! turns up in French as PIN! PIN!; in Boer Dutch as

BLEENG! A shot from a compressed air gun in Spanish is I POOSH! A sword slashing through the air is I FUAC! It strikes a shield: I CLAJ!

A man being robbed in Sweden calls: HJALP! POLIS! A French ghost moans WOUHOUHOUHOUU! A Mexican giant laughs: JO, JO, JO!

A sound I've never seen attempted in our comics is the drumbeat. The Mexican version is inspired: I RACATAS! PACATAS! TRR! TRAS TRAS! Even our version of a belch, SKOMFLRGOBBLE! doesn't come up to it.

With fascinating differences, the Europeans are as proficient as we in audioscriptive technique. On the other hand, when it comes to graphic use of line and color, to matching the blinding explosiveness and thundering perspectives with which the American artist designs the actual words into his pictures, they still have a lot to learn. —AXEL HORN.

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"Thanks to Yoga, I've taught my body to 'think young'..and I've recovered powers I thought were lost forever. If a paunchy, middle-aged writer like me can do it, *anyone* can. Including you!"

Alex Gotfryd

Prize-winning reporter Jess Stearn tells how Yoga changed his life — and can change yours — in a book backed by an unprecedented six-week money-back guarantee!

"My name is Jess Stearn. I'm a reporter whose specialty has always been the hard-to-get, 'exposé' story. I've covered juvenile delinquency in *The Wasted Years;* psychic phenomena in *The Door to the Future;* homosexuality in *The Sixth Man* — all from the outside. But YOGA, YOUTH, AND REINCARNATION is different. I wrote it from the *inside,* I became my own guinea pig. When I started this story I had no real idea that Yoga would change my life. *It has.* Six months of Yoga took away my paunch, my chronic headaches, my cold sense that life was leaving me behind. It gave me new years of feeling and looking young. Yoga can work the same 'miracle' for you. I've proven it. My publisher's six-week money-back offer guarantees it.

How Yoga Convinced Me

"As a professional skeptic I had doubts about what Yoga could do for me. After all, I went to a gym regularly; I counted my calories; I was in pretty good shape—for me. I accepted my insomnia and minor aches and pains as a predictable part of city life. As for sex, I hardly ever thought about it.

"No wonder Yoga seemed like a miracle! In just a couple of months I had forgotten sinus and stiff necks forever.

"What's more, I was feeling years younger—with all the strength, energy, and active interest in living that go along with youth, together with a new tranquility.

What's Different About Yoga

"What can Yoga do for you that calisthenics, diet, and isometrics can't do? Well, let's take those one at a time:

"*Calisthenics?* Unlike ordinary exercises, Yoga peps you up rather than tiring you out. It's completely safe for every age level . . . That's because of the *special breathing techniques* and important *relaxer exercises* built into every Yoga program. If you're in doubt, just ask your doctor.

"*Diet?* Yoga itself involves no special diet, *but in my Yoga class, not one overweight person failed to lose!* The secret is that Yoga is a mind-and-body discipline; you just feel too good ever to indulge in the nervous overeating habit which sabotages so many diets.

"*Isometrics?* Actually, isometric exercises are yogic in origin—with one important difference. Yoga has built-in safeguards. Every stretching (or isometric) exercise is balanced by a contracting one, for maximum benefit without the danger of overstrain.

"But all this is only *part* of the story. What Yoga, and only Yoga, can do is give you new *youthfulness*—in the ways that count. In YOGA, YOUTH, AND REINCARNATION, you will discover, for example—

- ***The 60-second relaxer that is better than an expensive facial cosmetic.***
- ***A single, three-minute therapeutic exercise for thyroid (and diet) problems.***
- ***Sirshasana and Sarvangasna — two exercises perfect for sinus sufferers.***
- ***A four-point exercise program that can revitalize marital love.***
- ***The amazing biological reasons why Yoga makes your body 'think young.'***
- ***Yoga therapy for bursitis, asthma, sciatica, menstrual problems, and varicose veins.***
- ***The important reason why Yoga is particularly effective with people who are over 35.***
- ***And much, much more.***

"In YOGA, YOUTH, AND REINCARNATION, you get an illustrated breakdown of Yoga exercises . . . learn how to 'pace yourself' . . . discover which specific exercises will help you most. And throughout the book, you get actual photographs of famed Yoga teacher Marcia Moore demonstrating the most important techniques.

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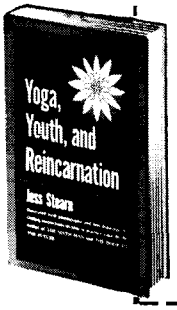
"I know that Yoga can work for you—if you are willing to try it seriously. For this reason, my publishers are giving you the chance to try YOGA, YOUTH, AND REINCARNATION on an unusual six-week money-back basis. You'll see real progress within the usual two-week trial period. But to make absolutely sure, take another month to decide. After *six weeks,* if you don't believe Yoga can change your life, as it changed mine, simply return the book for a full refund. I think though, that like me, you'll want to stay with Yoga 'for a lifetime.' "

YOGA, YOUTH, AND REINCARNATION

by Jess Stearn

Marcia Moore, Jess Stearn's Yoga instructor, in the "pelvic stretch" (Supta Vajrasana) position—one of 26 photographs demonstrating actual techniques in YOGA, YOUTH, AND REINCARNATION.



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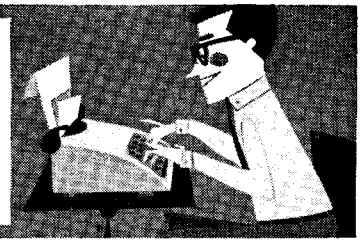
Top of My Head



Birth of a Salesman

JULY 5
MEMO TO: G. ACE
FROM: M. KLEIN, AUDITOR
SUBJECT: DEDUCTIBLE EXPENSES

If you are going on the road to "sell" your book over the radio, etc., remember all expenses are deductible only if you keep a diary of expenditures. Get receipts. Incidentally, yesterday I bought your book, *The Fine Art of Hypochondria,* and I read the whole thing last night.

JULY 6
MEMO: M. KLEIN
FROM: G. ACE

And?

JULY 7
MEMO: G. ACE
FROM: M. KLEIN

And keep one copy of the diary for your files and mail one to me.

JULY 8

Dear Diary: Up betimes to make my first appearance to sell my book on CBS television. Stopped at barber shop for haircut and shine. Hair cut, $1.75; shine, 25 cents; tip, 50 cents. Total, $2.50. "A good appearance is next to godliness," I always say. Dear Diary, I'm so nervous. Keep your fingers crossed.
LATER: The CBS program is only called *WCBS Looks at TV.* It's presented on radio. However, my haircut and shine were not wasted. Ed Joyce, who is moderator, commented on each. I hope he buys the book. Goodnight, dear diary.

JULY 9

Dear Diary: Well, today I went to see Casper Citron at the Algonquin Hotel. Radio. I had forgotten to bring my book, but he had one from which we quoted. (I hope he bought it.) I got there early, and to keep from being nervous I went into a restaurant and had a club sandwich: $1.25; tip, 25 cents. My voice seemed to tighten up so I bought a package of Charms at the cigar counter. The woman refused to write a receipt. But the candy lozenge did relax my voice. Charms, 10 cents. Total, $1.60.

JULY 10
MEMO: G. ACE
FROM: M. KLEIN

Received your first two diaries. Too much detail. The government not interested in your nervousness. Also, I may be able to get the Charms by my tax man; I doubt he will swallow the club sandwich. Keep expenses to the radio appearances. Incidentally, the saying is "cleanliness is next to godliness."

JULY 11
MEMO: M. KLEIN
FROM: G. ACE

I'd like to see your tax man go on radio with an empty stomach. A full stomach is next to godliness.

JULY 12

Dear Diary: Well, this was my big day. I was off to Philadelphia to appear on a two-hour radio program hosted by Ed Harvey. What a trip! Temperature in Philadelphia was 107 in the shade. And 102 in the sun. That's the way they do things in Philadelphia. Mr. Harvey, completely hospitable and literate. But he kept repeating and repeating to the listeners that the book was only $3.95. I got the feeling he was saying, "What can you lose?" People were invited to call on the phone and talk to the author. All the questions asked were how Jane is. I wonder if these book-selling trips are necessary. Train fare: $14.15, round trip; parlor car seat, $3.08, round trip. Total, $17.23. In the welter of train tickets and return stubs and parlor seat tickets, I lost some of the receipts, winding up with one train ticket to Philadelphia and one parlor seat back to New York. I'm sure Mr. Klein will be able to reconstruct the story. And so to bed.

JULY 13

Dear Diary: Up today with book and to radio studio in Brooklyn, through the Brooklyn tunnel. What a lovely ride for only 35 cents! So cool and so neat. Interviewer glad to see me but forgot to mention the book during interview. I didn't like to bring it up. Round trip, tunnel: 70 cents. And worth every penny. What a lovely ride. Man at toll gate refused to give receipt. Settled by getting him to autograph my book.

JULY 14
MEMO: G. ACE
FROM: M. KLEIN

Unable to piece together your Philadelphia train and parlor car receipts. Brooklyn trip not deductible since no book mentioned. My wife suggests you go on *Jack Paar Show.* Jack Paar never forgets to plug a book. She says not to go on now. Johnny Carson is substituting for Jack Paar. Wait till Jack Paar gets back.

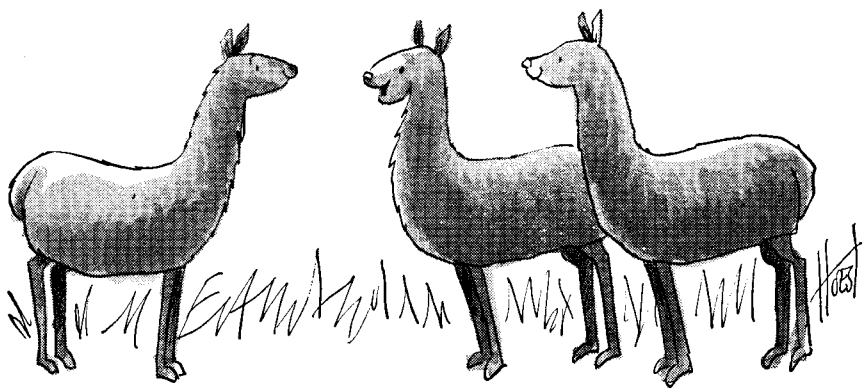
JULY 15
MEMO: M. KLEIN
FROM: G. ACE

Jack Paar is next to godliness.

JULY 16

Dear Diary: Up betimes and off gaily to the *Arlene Francis Show* on WOR where I was companionably received by Miss Francis and Mrs. Jean Bach, her producer. I recited for them from several chapters of the book and the girlish laughter of the two comely wenches rent the air. Indicating they had not read the book. But I preened nevertheless. In such a devil-may-care mood was I that when Miss Francis asked how the book was selling, I replied expansively, "Oh, it's in its second printing." I worried about this later and called the publisher, who may have been listening. He hadn't been. He said not to worry. Actually, they had been planning to print a second dozen next Friday. And so to bed. And perchance not to dream.

—GOODMAN ACE.



"Llarry, I'd llike you to meet Lloretta.

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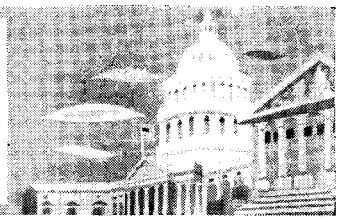
State of Affairs



Capital Cultural Crusader

WASHINGTON.

ON FIRST acquaintance, Roger L. Stevens is not a man you would suspect of being in charge of the arts. There is nothing of the Bohemian, nothing outwardly eccentric, nothing strikingly artistic about him. His personality is gray, bland; he wears an absent-minded look. He is not a literary buff; he does not seem to have strong prejudices (as those engaged in the art world so often do), and his tastes are not particularly pronounced.

If you met him you would probably suspect him of being in charge of a mutual fund in Wall Street, for he inspires the kind of solid confidence that would never make you hesitate to buy even a second-hand car from him. His reticence, his shy aloofness, the very air of authority about him simply reenforce one's feeling of cast-iron stability. Yet, after you get to know Mr. Stevens a little better, the reasons for his designation as chairman of the National Council on the Arts are not hard to see.

The arts still do not quite fit into the serious game of politics Washington pursues. They remain an alien virus in the bloodstream of this capital, so intensely preoccupied with itself. Hence they need as a promoter a man of unobtrusive drive and clear respectability. Moreover, they require a firm, resourceful manager cognizant of the curious problems of promoting art in this country—one who is aware of the prejudices against art yet understands its financial needs. Roger Stevens has these qualities. He knows what is good for art, probably rather better than what art is, and at this stage of the government's involvement in the arts this is not to be underrated. Stevens does not look or act like a crusader, but he has become one, and that he can conceal the fact with a veneer of detachment and seeming inarticulateness serves him well in overcoming the suspicions he would otherwise face.

Stevens learned the hard way about the resistance to serious art in this country during the years when he was one of Broadway's more enterprising producers. When he felt strongly about showing the plays of some of the new working-class English writers, for instance, he put them on, irrespective of the financial risks. To him these plays were exciting theater, and having cashed in handsomely on other productions—*West Side Story* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, both of which, to his everlasting credit, he produced—he could afford to be a bit of a trail-blazer.

The Stevens fortunes were first developed in real estate. He even at one time owned the Empire State Building, and though he sold out at a profit, it was apparently such a complicated operation that the millions he made in the transaction seem not to have been quite worth it.

WHETHER in real estate or in the theater, Stevens took many risks—often true gambles. But again, he doesn't look like a gambler, a circumstance that probably accounted for his being able to obtain funds from others whenever he decided to try his luck. The play *Mary, Mary* by Jean Kerr was one of his better gambles—and, although the film royalties have only just begun to drift in, his profits from that venture have already passed the half-million-dollar mark. Successes on such a scale certainly do no harm to Stevens's self-assurance and peace of mind. They enable him to concentrate more freely on running the affairs of the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities, as well as nursing along the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts—organizations designed to help give substance to the "cultural explosion." And because he knows what he wants, because he knows how much the traffic will bear, he has in his quiet way advanced these causes with considerable *savoir faire*.

From traveling across the United States to acquaint himself with the state of the arts, he knows more than most about the cultural explosion, and when he talks about it he all at once becomes a different person, bubbling over with verve and enthusiasm. But he never loses sight of the obstacles still to be overcome; he never stops wondering how best to use the inadequate instruments at his disposal to tackle the two main problems brought on by the new interest in the arts: how to develop fresh talents that will attract audiences, and the directly related question of how to develop the kind of audiences that artists need if they are to make a living. He is, therefore, looking for talents to back, and he plans to use good theater companies to develop audiences.

As one experiment, a good Broadway company will be sent into three cities lacking good theater. To enable him to finance the scheme, the company will do plays three evenings a week for adult audiences; then, on five afternoons it will perform classics at a local school. In the concert field, a similar idea is afoot. A panel will select individual artists to form an orchestra that will travel around the country. Again, the objective is to develop audiences, and, at the same time, to give new opportunities to young musicians.

AMONG the many problems of the new Kennedy Center will be getting programs that will attract a full house, and, if possible, creating a resident theater company. President Kennedy was appalled that the nation's capital was without what he thought was a really first-class theater or opera company, or a proper concert hall and stage where ballet could be performed (without, as has happened, the Bolshoi's having to cut the number of swans from thirty-six to eighteen in the Tschaikovsky classic). When that first hurdle is surmounted, the problem will be to fill these theaters, to make Washington a true theater-going town. It won't be easy, because the city has its own stars and performers—the politicians, members of government, ranking officials, and the reporters and commentators. They like the sound of their own voices; they even like to listen to one another. Thus they may not find it easy to spend more time in the theater, where they can only watch others perform.

In one sense Stevens is perhaps an eccentric. In a town where everybody likes to be on stage, likes to perform, likes to stay in the headlines (even if only on the Society pages), he remains distant, taciturn—the quietest lobbyist of them all, and one of the strangest promoters of the arts anywhere. Just as Washington considers him one of its oddest passengers, so he says, shaking his head in puzzlement: "A strange city, Washington. It's all politics and the press."

—HENRY BRANDON.

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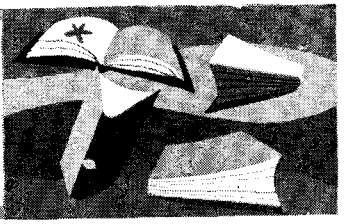
Trade Winds



A friend of mine who lives in New Bedford, Massachusetts, answered an advertisement that said, "Songwriters Needed! Big Money! Send us your song!" He wrote these lyrics:

Love in the Fall

When I met you in October
You were so pretty and sweet

And my sadness was over
Cause you knocked me off my feet.

Now we are together at last
Our love has got it made
Oh how my heart flutters fast
I feel like I'm in a parade.

We two are now as one
I never thought it could be true
That such as we could have such fun
And never feel sad and blue.

Signing it Chicquita Rodrigues (that's his dog's name), the fellow submitted his song, saying that she hoped it would be played over the radio so her husband, in the front lines in Vietnam, would hear it. It was dedicated to "My darling husband Lopez."

Back came the good news.

> You will be pleased to hear, Mrs. Rodrigues, that we have accepted *Love in the Fall* for broadcast on our radio show, created to put the spotlight on new songs like yours, to bring them to the attention of music publishers and record companies . . . They are always looking for good, original material . . . Mrs. Rodrigues, this is your big opportunity . . .

At a special discount rate of $38 the song would be recorded, "with the modern sound of bass, drum, and guitar in back of our excellent vocalists," and broadcast over an FM station in San Fernando, California. Mrs. Rodrigues's name and address would be announced, and publishers would send her a contract if they liked *Love in the Fall.*

Our songwriter friend decided to drop the matter, whereupon a follow-up letter came, reminding Chicquita that the "introductory offer expires in a few days." Mrs. Rodrigues then replied, apologizing for the delay, as she worked nights and took care of two children in the daytime, and was waiting for her allotment check, which was three weeks late, but she thought she might have only $37 left after paying her bills and could she have *Love in the Fall* recorded and pay for it in installments?

A short personal memo came back from the president of the company: "If I were in your position I would not invest in any song as it is too much of a gamble and you don't seem to be in a position to gamble."

So much for the big opportunity. *Love in the Fall* will not make the Hit Parade. My friend says his dog, Chicquita, appears very disappointed.

A Turkish war correspondent, Nerin Gun, was confined by the Nazis in Dachau, one of the worst if not the worst of the German extermination camps. His new book, *The Day of the Americans* (Fleet), is a bitter-sweet

account of his existence there. It combines the horrible, the incredible, with the comical, which, I believe, is the most effective way to write about something so ghastly.

At the crematorium was a sign stating, "Wash hands before touching corpses."

About 150 inmates of Dachau were there only because some elderly woman had, for no reason that is clear, picked their names at random from the phone book and reported them to the Gestapo.

"The Day of the Americans" is the day the camp was "liberated." But the American troops didn't know what to do with the thousands of miserable prisoners, so they had to keep them locked up. They continued to die at the rate of hundreds each day. In fact, the death rate increased, due to the anxiety and anticipation of the inmates when they learned that they weren't going to be let out right away because their liberators didn't know what to do with them.

Nerin Gun, now a naturalized American, returned to Dachau while preparing his book. A museum recreates a clean version of one of the barracks of the old concentration camp.

The municipality puts out a pamphlet entitled, "Dachau is Worth Visiting." Gun says, "While it may be worth visiting, I certainly wouldn't want to live there again."

Sharps and Flats: James C. Bowling entered a bookstore in midtown New

York and asked a clerk, "Where do you keep your Bibles?"

"Sorry, sir, we don't carry the *Bible.*"

"What?" Bowling said in astonishment. "You don't carry the best-selling book of all time?"

"We don't get many calls for it," was the reply.

Bowling got the same story at two other bookstores and finally found the *Bible* at Scribner's on Fifth Avenue.

► That respected newspaper, *The New York Times,* has an intramural house organ called *Times Talk,* in which journalists tell the story behind the story. Some of these pieces have been collected in a book, *The Working Press: Special to The New York Times* (Putnam's) [see *SR,* COMMUNICATIONS BOOKS, Aug. 13]. The curious feature about *Times Talk* is that it is about 100 times more interesting than *The New York Times* itself.

► Sam Levenson, author of *Everything But Money,* says, "Insanity is hereditary. You can get it from your children."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1689)

H(ALLOWELL) BOWSER:
A TRAIN OF CLIENTS

(Editorial from *Saturday Review,* April 16, 1966)

What the bail system means in practice is that, pending trial, thousands of poor but responsible citizens, arrested for crimes of which they may later be proved innocent, are held in jail for weeks, because they cannot put up collateral.

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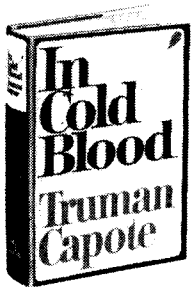

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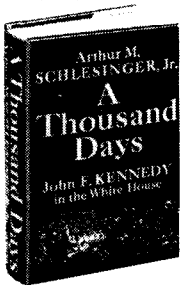

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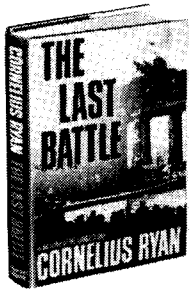

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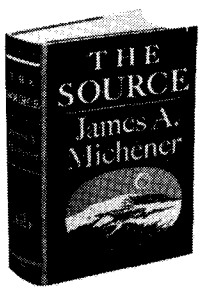

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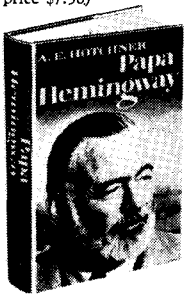

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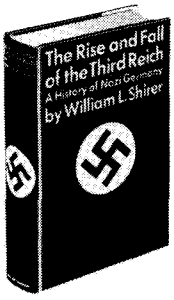

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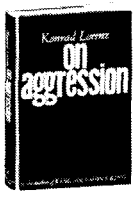

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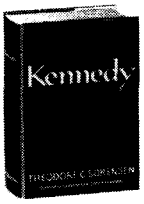

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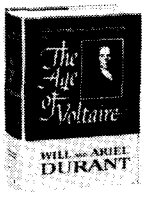

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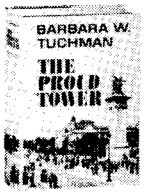

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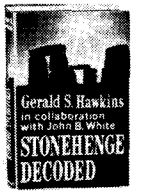

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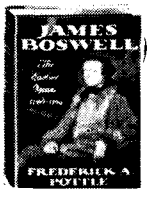

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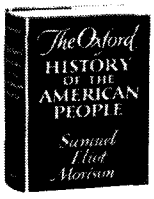

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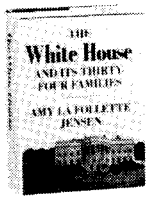

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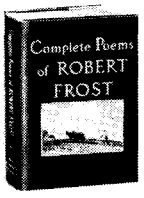

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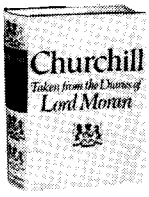

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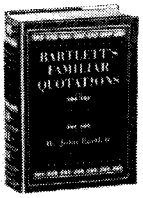

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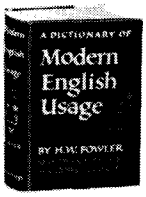

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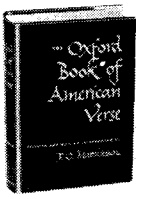

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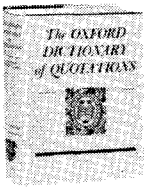

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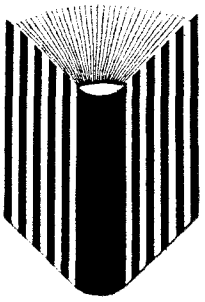
Saturday Review
August 27, 1966

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY ACADEMIC FREEDOM?



1. The Four Academic Freedoms

By RICHARD M. NIXON

THE WAR in Vietnam has triggered a crisis throughout America's academic community. The University of California at Berkeley has been rocked by riots and demonstrations; at the University of Chicago, students seized the administration building in a draft protest; at Amherst and NYU, Defense Secretary McNamara watched students walk out on commencement speeches. In many cases, demonstrations were incited by faculty members.

One natural reaction is to demand a "crackdown" on those responsible; the opposite reaction is to consider any outburst to be an expression of academic freedom and therefore sacrosanct. Now is the proper time to examine the guarantees and the limitations of academic freedom.

Academic freedom is no "academic question"; it is one of the most powerful forces in human history. Princes, presidents, even generals tremble in its presence. Academic freedom is a free society's greatest single advantage in its competition with totalitarian societies. No society can be great without the creative power it unleashes. Yet while it can create, it can also destroy and it can consume itself.

A generation ago, "Four Freedoms" became a rallying cry for the forces of democracy: freedom of speech and of worship, and freedom from fear and from want. Today let us examine the Four Academic Freedoms.

► There is the academic freedom of the student to investigate any theory, to challenge any premise, to refuse to accept old shibboleths and myths.

► There is a second academic freedom of the student to espouse any cause, to engage in the cut and thrust of partisan political or social debate, both on and off campus, without jeopardy to his or her academic career.

► The third academic freedom is that of the teacher—freedom from fear of reprisal while speaking or publishing the truth as he sees it, governed by the dictates of his own intellect and of the disciplines of scholarship.

► Finally, there is a fourth academic freedom—this one within the academic community—that is, the freedom of the student from tyranny by the faculty, and, conversely, freedom of the faculty from student tyranny.

These four academic freedoms underlie the concept of American educa-

This article is based on remarks by Mr. Nixon to the graduating class of the University of Rochester.

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tion; without these freedoms, teaching becomes indoctrination—a mockery of education. Wherever academic investigation has been suppressed or a climate hostile to scholars created, society has suffered. On the other hand, those societies that protect academic freedom are able to mine human resources most effectively.

This special status granted the academic community does not result from some abstract principle, a privilege to be enjoyed merely at the sufferance of others. The strength of academic freedom is that it has been earned. History has taught us that teachers do their job best when they are free. The special rights and privileges of academic freedom are conferred not so much for the benefit of the academic community but for the benefit of the society which the academic community serves.

The American scholar stands at the height of his power. His prestige and influence reach into every sector of our national life. In all the turbulence of crisis and change in recent years, students and teachers throughout this country have been a tremendous force—more so than any academic generation since the American Revolution. Woodrow Wilson's distinction between men of thought and men of action can no longer be made. The man of thought who will not act is ineffective; the man of action who will not think is dangerous. Today's scholar has become a man of action as well as a man of thought. The challenges he faces have become infinitely more difficult.

This generation will have to maintain and extend freedom under conditions of utmost peril. It will have to learn to distinguish not only among friends, but among enemies, as the effort to secure a lasting peace without sacrificing freedom goes on. This generation will have to live with the thought that there will never again be a declared war. A limited conflict would be escalated by a declaration of war; a major conflict would be over before war could be declared.

A paradox confronts the academic community today and presents all of us with real problems of choice. The power of the scholar in the United States has never been greater. Yet that enormous power of the academic community, which is the product of academic freedom, potentially threatens academic freedom.

LET us remember that we are considering here a freedom that derives its protection not from the law but from the respect and confidence the academic institution enjoys in the community in which it is located. Members of the academic community have a special status in our society for two reasons. One, a

(*Continued on page* 36)

2. *The Nature of Academic Freedom*

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

LET US BEGIN with the academy itself, and then consider the nature of the freedom which it enjoys. What is a university, and what are its functions?

A university is a place where young and old are joined together in the acquisition of knowledge and the search for truth.

Its functions are three-fold. First, to transmit knowledge imaginatively from one generation to the next. Second, to provide society with a body of trained professionals—originally priests, doctors, lawyers, and scholars—which is why Old World universities still have only four faculties. In modern times, and particularly in the United States, the university is expected to train for many other professions as well—architecture, journalism, teaching, forestry, engineering, and so forth, but the purpose is the same. The third function of the university is rapidly becoming the most important: to expand the boundaries of knowledge through research and to discover new truths.

Now, these functions imposed on the university by history and by circumstances mean that the university is to be a special kind of institution. It is the only institution in Western society whose business it is to search for and transmit truth regardless of all competing or conflicting pressures and demands: pressures for immediate usefulness, for social approval, pressures to serve the special interests of a government, a class, a professional group, a race, a faith, even a nation. If the university performs its duty it will, of course, serve all of these interests, for we must believe that the search for truth is useful to all groups, but this is a by-product of the larger achievement of the training of the young to wisdom and the search for truth.

The university is the chief instrument whereby society provides itself with independent criticism and advice, and with a continuous flow of ideas. It maintains the university as it maintains scientists, doctors, judges, and priests, not to minister to its passions but to serve its deeper and more permanent needs. Society does not impose its will on scientists because it wants to discover the secrets of the universe; it refrains from bringing pressure on judges because it wants to see justice done; it leaves doctors alone because it wants to discover the causes of and the cure for diseases; it permits religious freedom because it wants spiritual solace. Society provides freedom for scholars and for the university as an institution for the same elementary reason, because it wants to discover truth about as many things as possible.

It is out of this situation that the concept and the practice of academic freedom emerges, and on these principles that it rests. If society is to assure itself of a new generation trained to understand the world in which it will live, it must leave teachers free to transmit truth as they see it; if society is to have the benefit of disinterested advice, it must protect scholars who give that advice even when it is unpalatable; if society is to have the advantage of a flow of new ideas and discoveries, it must leave scholars to carry on research in their own way. At its peril does any society interfere in any way, at any time, through pressure, intimidation, distraction, or seduction, with these sovereign functions of the academy.

ONCE the nature of the university is clear, particular problems of "academic freedom" present few real difficulties. Consider, for example, two questions which have greatly agitated our society of late: the problem of student rebellion and student discipline, and the larger problem of alleged subversives on university faculties who justify their advocacy of unpopular causes—Negro rights in the South, opposition to the war in Vietnam, the recognition of Communist China—by the plea of academic freedom. The principles which must control our attitude toward these problems are rooted in the nature and function of the university.

We can dispose briefly of what now troubles a good many well-meaning people—manifestations of student freedom that seem (or are) excessive, bad-mannered, or unpatriotic. It should be remembered that academic freedom was born, some seven centuries ago, as student freedom, with the insistence by students in Italian and French universities on the right to have a decisive voice in choosing professors, arranging for courses of lectures, controlling all their housekeeping affairs, and securing certain political rights in their communities. The notion that the university should act *in loco parentis* to its students is a relatively new and limited one; to this day it is confined pretty much to English-speaking countries, and unknown elsewhere. The principle of *in loco parentis* was doubtless suitable enough in an earlier era, when boys went to college at the age of thirteen or fourteen; it is a bit ridiculous in a society where most students are mature enough to marry and raise families.

No one will deny that manifestations of student independence occasionally

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get out of hand, just as manifestations of adult independence get out of hand; we should remember, however, that if there is to be excess, it is far better to have an excess of interest and activity than an excess of apathy. But the solution for student intemperance is not for the university authorities to act in the place of parents. It is not the business of the university to go bustling around like some Aunt Polly, censoring a student paper here, cutting out indelicacies in a student play there, approving this club or that, accepting or rejecting speakers invited by student organizations, snooping into the private lives of students. These matters are the responsibility of the students themselves.

If they perform their duties badly, so much the worse for them—perhaps they will learn by experience. If they go to excess and violate the law, let them be subjected to the penalties of the law. Where they violate reasonable academic rules—rules designed to protect the integrity of the academic enterprise, they should be subjected to whatever penalties are provided for such violations. But they should not be treated as if they were children, nor should the university be expected to turn aside from its proper job, which is education and research, to the petty pursuit of discipline.

Granted that the expression of student independence sometimes causes pain or chagrin. But to those who deplore or denounce students who ostentatiously depart from commencement exercises when a member of the Johnson Administration is given a degree, we can put a very simple question. Would you rather have the kind of society where students were so indifferent that they lacked interest in politics, or the independence to differ with the administration? Would you rather have the kind of society where no student would dare assert his independence for fear of reprisal? If not, you must take your chance on independent thinking running to what you consider bad manners, just as adult independence often runs to bad manners: when members of U.N. delegations walk out, for example, or when mayors of New York cancel dinner invitations.

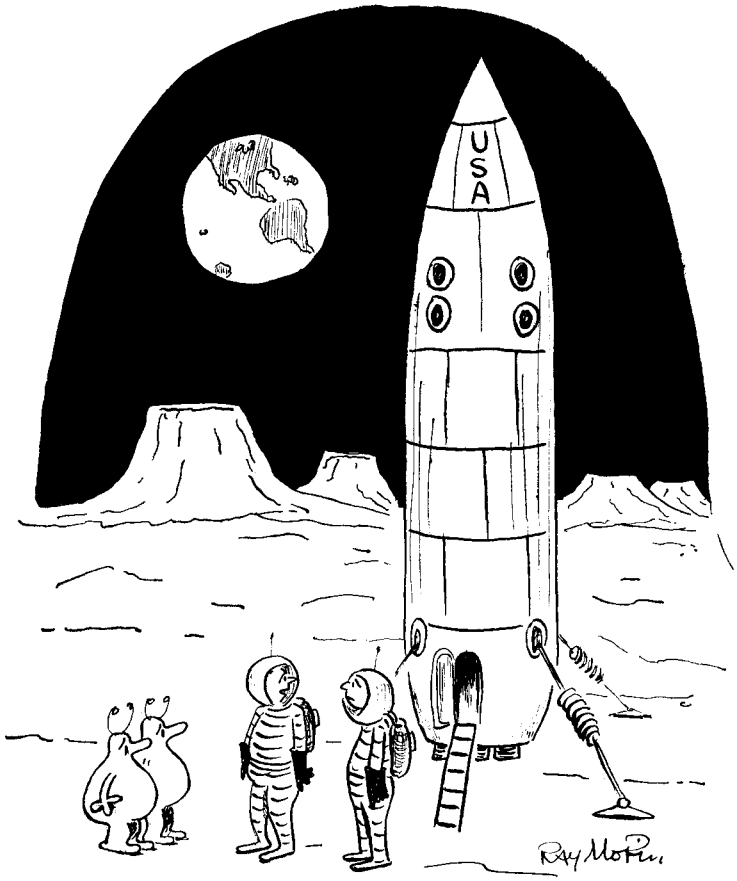
TURN, then, to the far more important question of "subversives" on university faculties, or subversion in teaching: It is the fear of these which induced infatuated legislatures to require special loyalty oaths for teachers in the McCarthy era, and which accounts for the harassment of universities in backward states such as Massachusetts and California.

We may observe that there is no evidence of subversives on college faculties, or that the term "subversion" is so vague as to be drained of meaning, or that neither loyalty oaths nor inquisitions can prevent the contagion of ideas. But these observations, though just enough, are not really relevant to our central problem. What is of crucial relevance to that problem is quite simply that the academic community, if it is to be free to perform its beneficent functions, must be free to fix its own standards and determine its own credentials. No other bodies, certainly not an inflamed public nor an election-minded legislature, are competent to fix these standards or to determine whether or not scholars meet them. This responsibility is primarily one for specialists—fellow physicists, fellow historians—and ultimately one for the whole academic community, for sometimes specialists have a narrow or jaundiced view. But questions of fitness to teach and to carry on research are always academic questions.

Professional qualifications do sometimes involve questions of character, to be sure, but how, when, and where they do are matters for professional determination. And the reason for this is very simple. It is not merely that it is logical and just, but that it is the only method which can provide us with the kind of physicists and historians that we need. If other criteria than those of professional competence and the confidence of academic colleagues in the integrity of the scholar are invoked, the system itself will break down, just as medicine or justice will break down if surgeons or judges are selected by other than professional criteria. Needless to say, scholars will make mistakes in judgment, just as doctors and lawyers make mistakes in judgment. But the consequences of substituting irrelevant and pernicious criteria for professional ones in choosing academic colleagues are far more serious than any possible consequences of occasional incompetence in professional selection.

What shall we say of university teachers and scholars who outrage public opinion by advocacy of doctrines that seem to the great majority to be erroneous? What shall we say of teachers who persistently flout the public will as expressed by resounding majorities? Once again the underlying principle is simple enough. If scholars, or students, violate the law, the law should deal with them as it deals with any other members of society who violate the law. No scholar may claim that academic freedom gives him some special immunity from the law. But if what a scholar does or says does not violate any law, but merely outrages public opinion, then it is not the business of the university to do what civil authorities are unable to do.

The spectacle, common enough in the McCarthy era, of regents and trustees rushing in to punish teachers for conduct for which the civil authorities were unable or unwilling to prosecute—"taking the Fifth Amendment" for example—was a shameful one. In so far as trustees join with public opinion to intimidate or silence scholars, however much they



"They want to know how many miles we get to the gallon."

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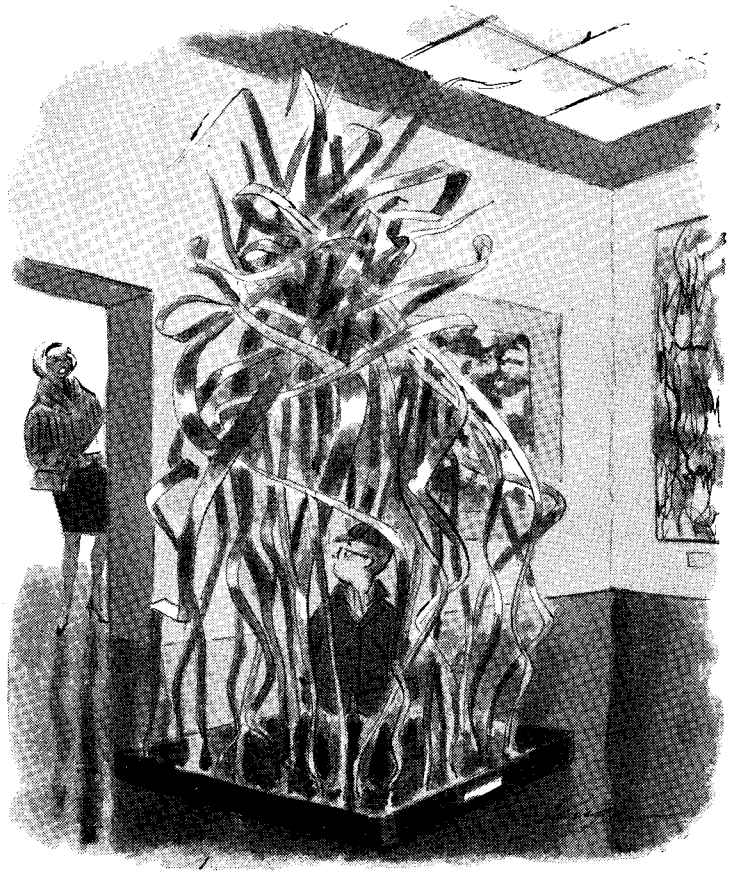
may be misguided, they violate and betray their trust.

So it is with the punishment, by whatever means, of those who exercise their right to express ideas that are unpopular and seem dangerous—advocacy of the cause of the Vietcong, for example, or of the propriety of mixed marriages, or of the harmlessness of pornography. No doubt it is deplorable that otherwise intelligent men should entertain, let alone champion, notions of this sort, but how much more deplorable if we had the kind of society where they could not. A university is an institution where scholars are not only permitted but encouraged to think unthinkable thoughts, to explore intolerable ideas, and to proclaim their findings. There are risks here, to be sure. The Church saw that when it forced Galileo to recant, or forbade the teaching of the circulation of the blood, or the Linnaean system of botanical classification. But these are risks that society must learn to take in its stride if it expects progress in the realms of knowledge and of science.

IF we are to have the kind of society where thought and expression are free, we must take our chances on some thoughts being, in the words of Justice Holmes, "loathsome and fraught with death." Nor is the danger really a desperate one. Those who disagree with the loathsome thoughts are equally free to express thoughts that are beautiful.

Let us not suppose that all this is but a matter of theory. We have ample evidence, in our own history, and in the history of other nations, of what happens when government or society silences, by whatever means, dangerous or loathsome ideas. And we know, too, that ideas which one generation thinks dangerous are regarded by the next as salutary; ideas which one society thinks loathsome are accepted by another as noble.

The Old South persuaded itself that slavery was not only good but a positive blessing, and that those who criticized slavery or sought to undermine it were enemies to the Southern way of life. As the slave interest had things all its own way, it proceeded to dispose of its enemies. To protect the "peculiar institution," teachers who questioned the historical or ethnological credentials of slavery were dismissed, preachers who denied the Biblical justification of slavery were expelled from their pulpits, editors who criticized slavery or the slaveocracy lost their posts, books and magazines which contained anti-slavery propaganda were burned. To counter the abolitionist argument of the North—an argument which seemed to Southerners as pernicious as Communism seems to members of the John Birch Society—they formulated a pro-slavery argument and invested it with moral authority. Thus the South silenced serious discussion of its major problem; thus it foreclosed every solution to that problem but the ultimate solution of violence; thus it laid the foundations for a century of hatred and violence.



"Bertram! Get out of that masterpiece this instant!"

More familiar to most of us is the dark and tragic history of Hitler's Germany. The Nazis not only convinced themselves of Aryan superiority and of Jewish inferiority; they were so sure they were right that they looked upon anyone who spoke up for the Jews or who opposed Nazi policies as an enemy of the Fatherland. More systematically and more savagely than Southerners of the 1850s, they purged the universities, silenced the clergy, closed down the press, burned offending books, and wrote new books to replace them, and killed, exiled, or silenced all who dared question the justice of what they did. They destroyed not only dissent but free inquiry and discussion, and—like the Southerners—left no remedy for their errors but that of violence. Nor can we reassure ourselves that these manifestations of hostility to the university and to intellectual independence, are a thing of the past. Even now, in South Africa, in Rhodesia, in the Argentine, those who fear freedom and democratic processes, move with sure instinct to control the universities and to destroy academic freedom.

Those who today assure us that academic freedom is all right in ordinary times, but that in time of crisis it must give way to the importunate demands of national unity, those who argue that academic freedom is all very well in time of peace but a pernicious indulgence in time of war, are like the Southern slaveocracy and the Nazis and the white supremacists of South Africa, if not in conduct, then in principle. They are saying in effect that discussion and debate are all very well when there is nothing to discuss, but that they must be abated or suspended when there are serious matters before us. They are saying that we can tolerate freedom when there are no issues that threaten it, but that we cannot tolerate it when it is in danger.

DO those who would suspend academic freedom in time of crisis because it imperils national unity really understand the implications of their argument? Are they prepared to decry those Englishmen who in the 1770s stood up for the American cause—men like Tom Paine and Dr. Price and Joseph Priestley and Lord Jeffrey Amherst, whom we have so long honored as friends of liberty? Are they prepared to assert that

(*Continued on page* 37)

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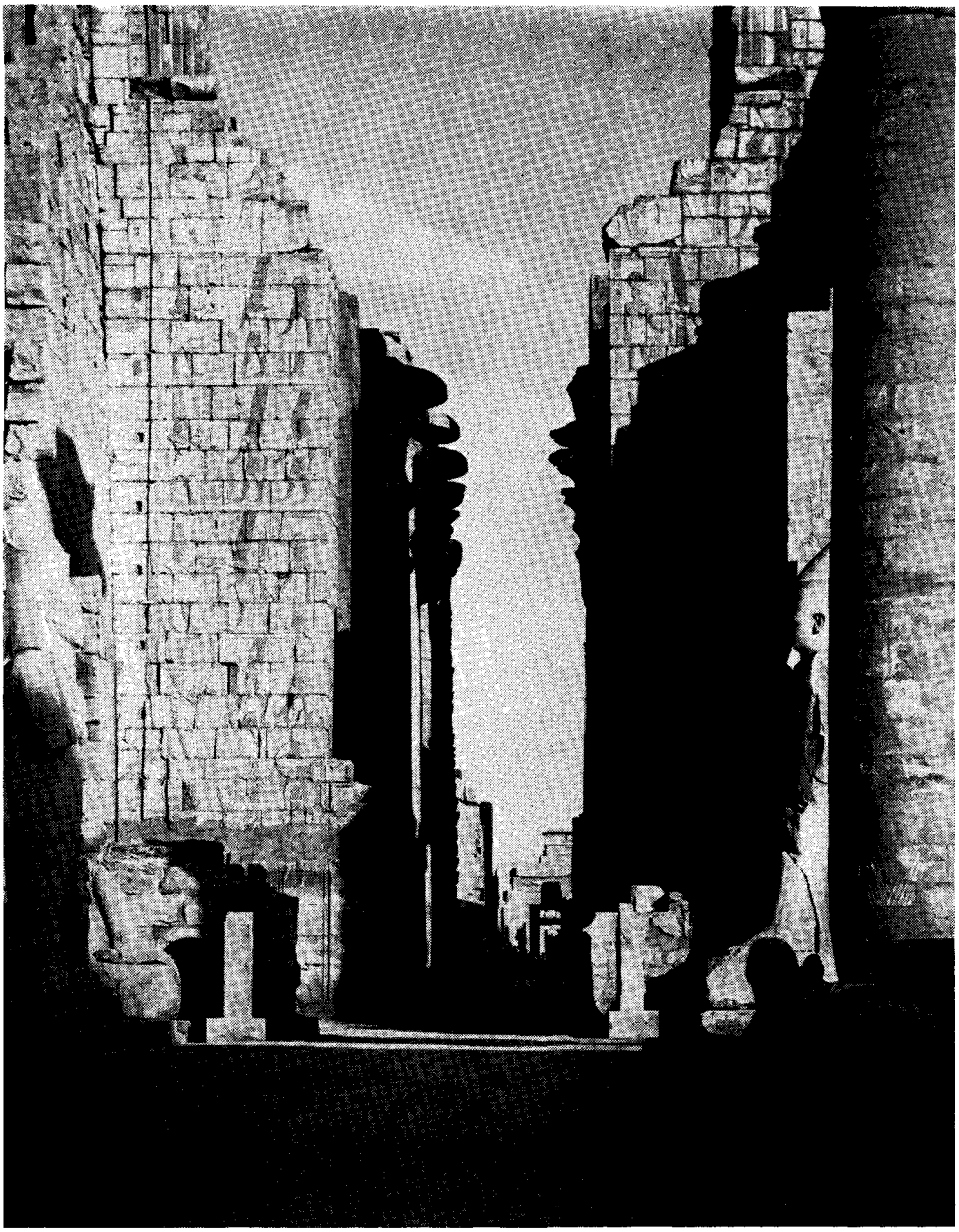
PLACE IN THE SUN



—*Peter Fink Photos.*

Photographer "trips" the light fantastic at Luxor, Egypt.

BY ANY STANDARDS, the post of official photographer for a twenty-one-day package tour of Greco-Roman monuments would seem an unlikely locus for camerawork of distinction or originality. When Peter Fink accepted the assignment, he did not anticipate bringing back anything beyond the usual documentary record of sites and sightseers—run-of-the-mill travel subjects taken on the run, with never enough time for the lens to linger longer over some special insight.

Admittedly, the project started with two factors in its favor. The tour had been arranged by the American Federation of Arts; and the Greco-Roman ruins were those studding the sunlit crown of North Africa from Casablanca to Cairo. As a result, the visual reporter returned with much more than he had expected: a portfolio of extremely effective pictures and an extraordinary taste for Moroccan mint tea.

Hugh Edwards, curator of photography at the Art Institute of Chicago, may have had only polite interest in the newly acquired taste sensation. But what he saw in the picture portfolio interested him enormously. On the eve of installing the Art Institute's current one-man show, *Photographs by Peter Fink*, Mr. Edwards summarized his own reaction as "a delightful rediscovery of this photographer's felicitous talents."

Following the camera route to fabled monument and mosque—pausing to observe the al fresco delights of picnickers at a *diffa* or a DeMille-like spectacle of Bedouin horsemanship and swordplay at the aptly named *fantasia*—the viewer finds himself agreeing with the curator's comment: "One passes from print to print, led by an appreciation of the variety of transitions of light and the beauties of contrast evident in all of them."

Nowhere, however, is the evidence stronger than in the pictures that are least concerned with archeological documentation—the smaller, more personal sideglances at a sun-patterned façade or the rhythmic folds of fabric in a flowing robe. At times one feels as though the photographer must have commanded the sun to hold still while he sought the best vantage point. Angling his camera from balcony window, sidewalk café, or curve of winding alley, he intercepted the fanciful interplay of light and shade to reveal the plane geometry that sunlight creates in space.

Any visitor to the exhibit who expects images of "fallen temples kneeling in golden dust" will not be disappointed. But he may come away from the gallery even more pleased that Peter Fink's camera had a few visual adventures of its own, recalling another poet's simple imagery: "The sun lies supple on the bricks; I walk the fluent street."

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

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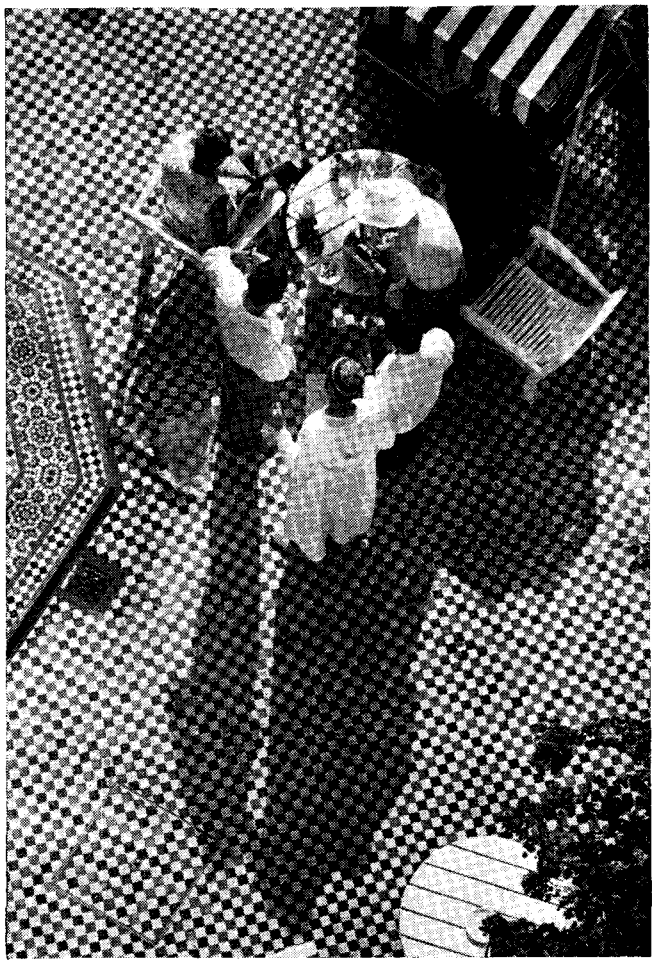
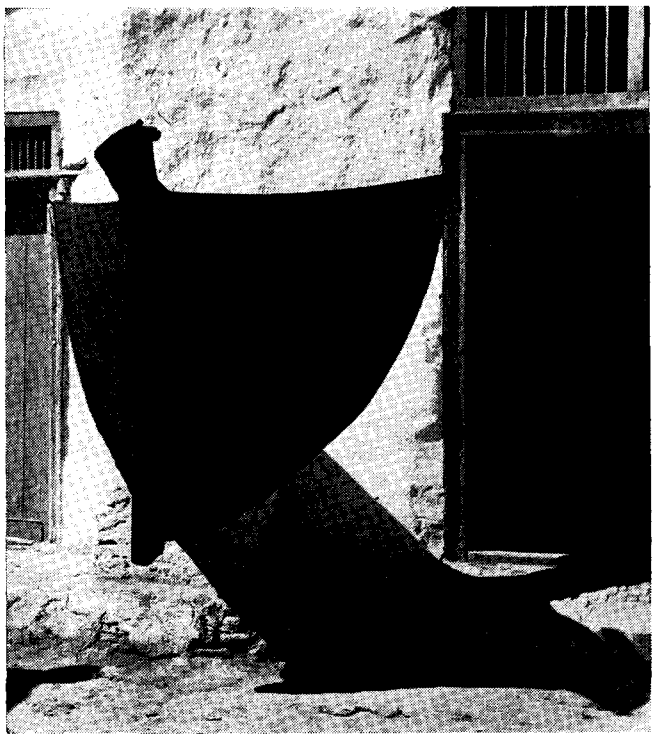
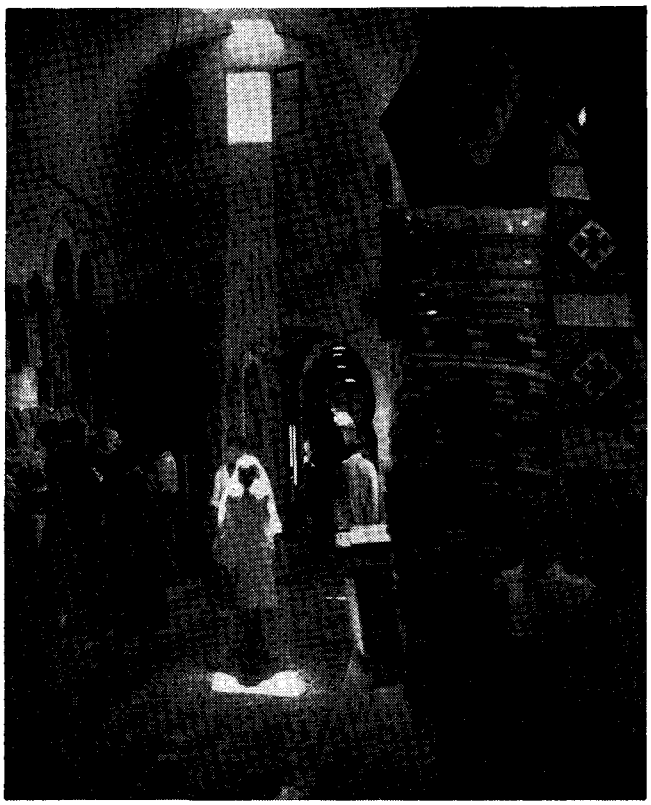


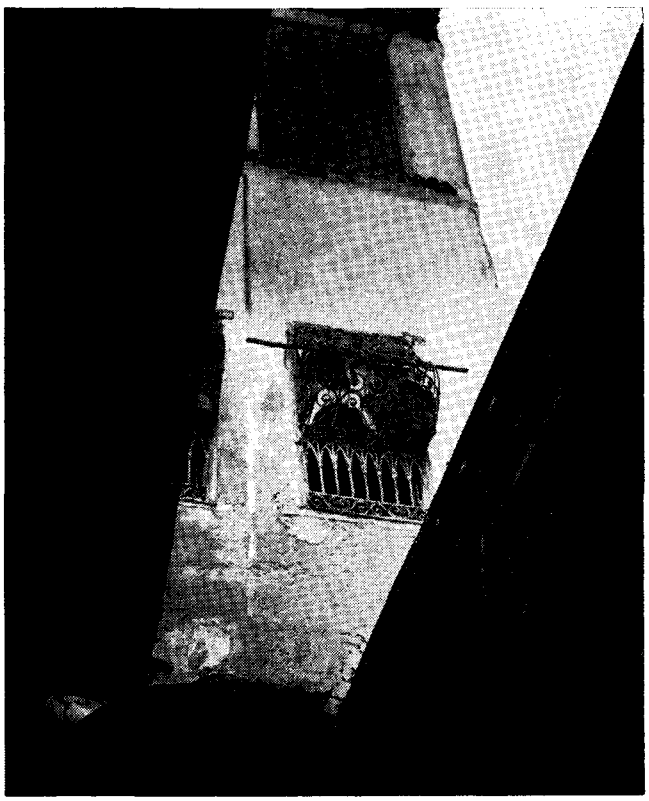
Balcony viewfinder in Fez spots a mosaic of patterns below.



Laundry drying in Tunisian sun is awash with abstract form.



Camera on the beam in a covered *souk* in Tripoli.



Angling in a dark Tunis alley catches light's design dynamics.

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From Surplus to Food Crisis

AS RECENTLY as the Kennedy and Eisenhower administrations, the United States perennially faced the absurd anomaly of having to pay huge storage bills for the farmer's surplus grains and other essential foods to the tune of billions of dollars of federal money. Nothing was more irritating to the average citizen than what seemed to him to be excessive charges for the storage of surpluses of every sort, despite all efforts of the federal government to hold U.S. food production to reasonable limits—that is, to grow each year approximately what a hungry world needed, and no more.

Now the United States finds itself in a new agricultural position. As of this summer we are faced with a smaller supply of essential foods than that for which there is current world demand, and President Johnson has ordered the National Security Council to study this sudden world food shortage problem. For the first time in a generation we no longer will have to pay huge storage fees, but must worry about world populations outracing the productive capacity to feed them.

The food supply riddle was dramatically pointed up by a recent government survey of stocks of wheat, feed grains, and soybeans. Wheat stocks are down to their lowest level in fourteen years, corn in reserve at its lowest level in ten. Moreover, world demands between now and next summer could so reduce our wheat supply that the White House has directed 30 per cent increases in the winter wheat crop to be planted this fall. While increased acreage will add 300 million bushels to America's wheat supply it may not be enough to keep total wheat stocks from shrinking further still. This is in stark contrast with the situation only five years ago when the American wheat surplus alone climbed close to 1.5 billion bushels and everyone was fussing about where to store this glut, so expensive to the taxpayer.

The chief reason for a sudden change from surplus to shortage lies in the postwar population explosion, not just in the United States but everywhere. Between 1954 and 1964 the federal government spent approximately $1.6 billion to store and handle surplus wheat and corn. There was a time when total stocks of the four major grains that make up the raw material for livestock—corn, oats, barley, and sorghum—were enough to last up to a year or more without the production of a single new bushel. But on July 1 of this year corn stocks were 26 per cent below average, while soybeans were down to a four-month supply. A recent story in *The New York Times* reported that production of milk has dropped to what officials consider alarming levels, as dairy farmers throughout the United States continue to go out of business and the slaughter of cows continues at a high rate under the impact of good beef prices.

"The delicate problem facing the government," says the *Times*, "is to adjust acreages to produce an adequate supply of essential commodities, including a safe carryover to guard against disasters, without renewing surplus output. At the same time, the government is watching consumer prices. Recent increases in bread and milk prices have brought a demand that the Senate Agriculture Committee take a hard look at rising consumer prices that some farm members of Congress consider unjustified in view of the producers' take."

The National Security Council, aided by the Agriculture and State Departments, now faces the proposition that the United States, far from paying exorbitantly for stored surpluses, is about to tackle the problem of feeding a world growing hungrier by the hour. This is essentially a Western crisis for any number of political reasons, humanitarianism aside. A possible world food crisis could be the greatest prod to move the Western industrial countries to help—and quickly—the production of indigenous food wherever it is short, through Western know-how, Western mass production methods, Western machinery, and Western capital.

Vice President Humphrey is understood to have told a fifteen-nation assistance committee in Washington that the United States can no longer be the food warehouse of the world while other countries continue to increase commercial sales at the expense of U.S. markets. In a highly competitive world grain market, including Canadian and Soviet producers, the United States simply cannot tackle alone the need to feed the earth's population.

Still another vexing problem is involved in the sudden new world food crisis. Not all peoples like wheat and corn products. Indeed, many nationalities that have never eaten wheat or corn absolutely refuse to go along with anything except rice. Even rice itself isn't always acceptable, for not all types of rice will do in all areas, though three of five Asians spend all their working hours either raising or distributing rice, and two of every three Asians depend upon rice for virtually their entire food supply. The average Asian eats 200 to 400 pounds of rice each year. Weaning him over to wheat, barley, corn, oats, soybeans, and other "Western" food, meat aside, may be a bigger job even than increasing the total American grain harvest or getting other Western countries to help the United States alleviate world hunger in time. —R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Limits of Power

I HAVE READ carefully General Gavin's article, "Military Power: The Limits of Persuasion" [*SR*, July 30] and am in agreement with his analysis of the military situation and the danger of relying on military power to settle contentious international issues.

U THANT,
Secretary General,
The United Nations.
New York, N.Y.

I FIND much in General Gavin's article that I agree with—the need for balanced forces, for continued economic strength, and for careful attention to the stability of the Atlantic Alliance.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY,
Vice President of the United States.
Washington, D.C.

GENERAL GAVIN'S ARTICLE is a wise and brilliant one.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
Institute for Advanced Study.
Princeton, N.J.

IN GENERAL GAVIN'S article there were, among the jewels of wisdom, unfortunately, many examples of less than a full understanding of "the cave in which there is room for one family only, the family of Man."

General Gavin apparently sees no challenge to his "one small community" concept as represented in the United Nations, by regional alliances such as NATO, CENTO, and SEATO. He parrots the Johnson Administration propaganda about North Vietnam "aggressors," ignoring the fact that the only foreign troops in Vietnam (except a few satellite ones) are United States Government troops. He also approves of global domination by the U.S. Government, although he does caution that such domination should be exercised with moderation.

HUGH B. HESTER,
Brigadier General, USA (Ret.)
Durham, N.C.

GENERAL GAVIN suggests that the International Control Commission established by the 1954 Geneva Conference be "equipped with helicopters, fixed-wing aircraft, and up-to-date communications equipment if it is to do its job," and with staff to carry out its "intended task." Just what "job" and "intended task" can be performed by the commission under present circumstances is not made clear.

The attempt by President Johnson several months ago to use our economic strength to stem the course of events in Vietnam by the offer of extensive economic aid to both North and South Vietnam was to no avail. What other effort has General Gavin to suggest?

JAMES H. STRATTON,
Brigadier General, USA (Ret.)
Englewood, N.J.

GENERAL GAVIN arrives at sensible conclusions through some mighty weak reasoning. To say, for example, that our foreign aid program has erected a monument to its own success in the Indonesian situation is to strain the imagination. We have given no foreign aid to that country for several years now, and the foreign aid contribution of the Soviet Union has been only somewhat less than our own.

Additionally, escalation cannot be condemned on the basis of the Korean experience, for none can say that escalation would not have brought off a better victory than the feckless solution we accepted.

WILLIAM C. CHAPMAN,
Captain, USN (Ret.)
Annapolis, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The United States has not given aid to Indonesia since March of 1964. General Gavin, however, was referring to aid given since our foreign assistance program began in 1949.*

THE VIETNAM QUESTION is the most difficult I can remember, and I followed General Gavin's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on this matter carefully. It is helpful to have his judgment on the changing nature of our national power in light of our commitments.

JOHN SHERMAN COOPER,
U.S. Senate.
Washington, D.C.

GENERAL GAVIN'S ANALYSIS is interesting and timely.

ROBERT C. BYRD,
U.S. Senate.
Washington, D.C.

I FOUND General Gavin's article to be most thoughtful and persuasive, one that, in effect, casts him in the role of soldier-statesman in a manner unmatched by any of his contemporaries.

WALTER H. JOHNSON, JR.,
Senior Vice President,
The Interpublic Group
of Companies, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

The Computerized Age

I HAVE JUST SEEN your special issue, "The New Computerized Age" [*SR*, July 23]. Your fine coverage of this subject should make a genuine contribution to a better understanding of both the promise the computer offers and some of the problems which this form of technological advance brings with it.

THOMAS J. WATSON, JR.,
International Business Machines Corp.
Armonk, N.Y.

Handy Book Reprinted

AS HAVE OTHER connoisseurs of literary stews, Herbert R. Mayes, in his guest TRADE WINDS column [*SR*, Aug. 6], failed to mention that many of his most useful reference books are out of print. His favorite, Walsh's *Handy Book of Literary Curiosities*, for example, long was in this category.

All readers who have been frustrated by being unable to learn why the *Handy Book* ranks so high will be interested in learning, I think, that we have reprinted the *Handy Book*, along with Brewer's *Dictionary of Miracles*, also in Mr. Mayes's list, and a number of similar works, nearly all dating from the late nineteenth century.

JAMES M. ETHRIDGE,
Editorial Director,
Gale Research Co.
Detroit, Mich.

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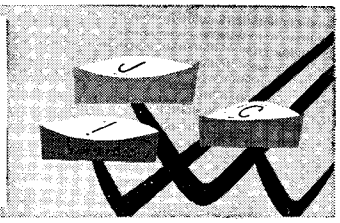
Manner of Speaking



No Subject: There are times when the world issues a directive I am forced to heed, and thereupon I am saddled with writing on a subject. But I can only accept such a directive in about the way I accept a commission from my wife to stop at the cut-rate drugstore while I am in New York to pick up a family supply of toothpaste. I tie a conceptual string around my mnemonic finger, and I do actually remember it as I cross Sixth Avenue and see the store sign. In I go to stuff my briefcase with economy jars of aspirin, tubes of rare goos, packages of razor blades, bargain powders with magic properties, band aids (spelled Band Aids by Johnson & Johnson, who have taken out a license to capitalize what has already passed into the language in lower case), and whatever else is being pushed as a DEEP CUT SPECIAL.

I seldom forget, and my briefcase regularly bulges with goodies, but I never seem to remember what I was sent for in the first place. "I suppose we can use this stuff," my wife says as my briefcase spills its plenty. "Did you get the toothpaste?" I, naturally, look surprised. "Are we out of toothpaste already?" I say. I am sure it was only a few weeks ago that I brought home dozens of giant tubes of an ammoniated, fluoridized, self-frothing special with PLUS QX-10 enamel brightener and root mulch. But by the time she has demonstrated that I made that strike back in 1959, I have lost interest. I want to know what's for supper, and she is not sure we should have supper unless we have something to brush our teeth with. So, while she burns the hamburgers, I run down to the local convenience-store and buy toothpaste at retail plus the convenience mark-up.

Writing on subjects is like running those pointless errands, I say. Make up your mind to buy toothpaste and nothing but toothpaste, and you are over-directed. How can a man walk into the possible bazaars of this world in a proper frame of mind if he must come muttering "toothpaste, toothpaste, toothpaste?" I like to come with an eye ready for whatever there is, with a wallet ready to spill, and with a briefcase ready to bulge. Whatever it was the muses or my wife sent me for can always be picked up later while the hamburgers burn, and damn the expense. The way to meet plenty is plentifully—unfettered, undirected, and ready for magic finds.

Nor is my wife the only lady of suburban persuasion with whom I have had the problem of keeping my psyche to a firmly assigned subject. Back in the days of my nonaggression pact with the school system there was nothing I liked better than a writing assignment. At times I was even guilty of writing without an assignment, a habit that came close to ruining my standing with my fellow thugs until I turned it to good use by writing their papers for them for a fee. Doing things for a fee was something they were ready to respect. It was the act of writing for its own sake that filled them with disgust.

AS I became a practiced ghost writer, I even learned to specialize. It made no sense to turn out an A paper for one of the boys in the poolroom who had been grinding along on D's and E's. I knew his illiteracies well enough, and I would undertake to run in enough of them to keep him to a C at first, with an occasional C+ or B—, once his new level was established. I have a feeling that Miss Matroncolumn (that wasn't her name but she was a splendidly ample tower of resigned virginity) began to pride herself on the improved compositions of some of her worst gangsters. And why shouldn't an obviously successful teacher feel a glow of accomplishment in shaping and enlarging the minds of the young?

Yet, while supervising the education of the athletes and other Neanderthals, I came close to flunking out of Miss Matroncolumn's class when she demanded that we submit outlines of the papers we intended to write. For how on earth does one write a paper except by writing it? My outlines were a disappointment to her. Worse yet, they seldom displayed any relation to the papers that were supposed to follow from them.

It was early in that game that Miss Matroncolumn squared her chin, lit the candles of dauntlessness in her eyes, and inhaled hugely. These were all signs of determination. "You need drill," she announced. "Until further notice you will pass in outlines in advance of all assigned papers."

It was an ugly turn of affairs, but with my investment in Miss Matroncolumn's grade book, I was not about to settle for less than an A as my personal dividend. She wanted outlines. Very well, she would get outlines. Since I had never learned how to run one up before the fact, I would have to work mine after the fact. I learned to bat out my papers at the first hint of an assignment and to have them finished before the outline was due. It was then a simple matter to crank out something called a précis, to parse it out among Roman numerals, and capital letters, Arabic numerals, lower case letters, and so forth and to call that an outline.

My outlines immediately began to make sense in themselves and to show a family relationship to the fathering papers I later presented as children of the outlines. Miss Matroncolumn, unaware of this small scrambling of the lines of descent, was once more happy in her work. And my A was secure.

I still don't know how to write an outline. How is it possible to write the second paragraph of anything until you have a first paragraph to follow from? The only workable outline I know anything about is something called a first draft, which can then be developed into a better outline called a second draft, and so on through as many rewritings as you are moved to, always with the knowledge that any substantial change in the early paragraphs must mean substantial changes in what follows.

For no writer worth the pages he spoils can know what he is going to write until he sees what he has written. Does anyone really suppose that the writing can think itself apart from the words of its own thinking? Miss Matroncolumn seemed to assume that there is a bin labeled "thoughts" and one labeled "words" and that the act of writing consists of pulling categorical specimens from the thought bin, and then of pulling matching words from the word bin.

HERS was a barren assumption. Words have their own forces. They incline to follow nothing but themselves and they follow best when they follow from themselves into themselves. I mean to insist on the counter-assumption that the language is a better instrument of perception than the writer, whose best hope of capturing a perception is in submitting himself to the language and in following it into itself.

Follow language as it goes and it will always arrive at its own bazaar, ready to bulge out the briefcases and to stuff the horn of plenty. But belabor it with categorical directives and the writing goes home meager from no real world to come to.

Don't forget Miss Matroncolumn entirely, boys and girls. In one manifestation or another she is there and must be circumvented toward whatever reality may be real enough. And you can't get around her until you know where she is. But stick to the tight shopping list of her mind and you will be forever doomed to going home with no surprises in you.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

In the Shadow of the Vineyard

A FEW years ago Robert Crichton's biography of Ferdinand Waldo Demara, *The Great Imposter*, had a considerable success. Now it seems safe to predict that his first novel, *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), will be even more successful, for it is the kind of book that large numbers of people enjoy reading. Do not conclude that it is sensational claptrap, as many best-sellers are. On the contrary, it is an honest, thoughtful novel, written with care and constructed with skill; but it also has the kind of magic that sweeps the reader from page to page. Although I have a few reservations, which I shall speak of later, I must record that there never was a point in my reading of this moderately long novel at which I willingly laid it aside. This kind of compelling power is not the highest literary virtue; the greatest novels have to be put down from time to time so that the reader can absorb the experience they offer; but readability is a virtue and in these days not a common one.

The novel's scene is a small, isolated Italian village: "The city, as they call it, is an Italian hill town, one of those clusters of houses which can be seen from any main highway, a huddle of gray and white shapes pressed up against the side of a mountain as if they were sheep fearful of falling off it, which they sometimes do." "Santa Vittoria is grapevines; it is wine. That is all there is. Without the wine, as they say here, even God Himself could not invent a reason for Santa Vittoria." In the summer of 1943, after the fall of Mussolini, a German force located north of the town plans to occupy it and confiscate its wine. The residents devise a plan for hiding the wine, and that is what the novel is about.

Many of us are attracted to the idea of a community whose life is completely shaped by tradition, though we might find the reality hard to take. Crichton has created such a community and made it credible. The novel purports to be based on notes prepared by one Roberto Abruzzi, an American of Italian descent who parachuted into the town from an Army Air Force plane. (He chose to desert after taking part in an act of pointless brutality.) The story is told partly in the third person, partly in the first person singular, and partly in the first person plural. Roberto is close enough to the villagers to be able to say what "we" did and thought and felt, and yet he is sufficiently removed to be able to understand the significance of much that they would take for granted.

To indicate the continuity of life in Santa Vittoria, Crichton tells of the researches of the parish priest, Father Polenta: "He found that if he took a page from the Ledger, one filled with births and deaths and baptisms and marriages, from one century, and then took a page from a hundred years before or a hundred years later, it was impossible to tell which page belonged to which century. . . . The same names were on all the pages. The same first names and the same middle names and the same last names. . . . The rest of the world might have been changing over those centuries, but it would be impossible to prove it by Santa Vittoria." "Why do they stay?" the narrator asks. "For the same reason that all peasants stay. They hold on to hunger, which they are accustomed to, because they are fearful of starvation."

Crichton writes about the peasants with humor but without condescension. When the Fascist régime falls, Italo Bombolini, hitherto regarded as a buffoon, comes forward as leader, becomes mayor, and directs the people in a heroic struggle. He is grotesque enough at times, as in the muffling of the church bell, but he is both shrewd and brave, and his plans have a way of working.

When he has made us see the town and understand its people, Crichton turns to the Germans in Montefalcone. Captain Sepp von Prum is an arrogant aristocrat but in his own mind a thinker and a man of principle. When he is ordered to occupy Santa Vittoria, he decides to take only eight men and to make his conquest an example of "bloodless victory," a subject on which he is already preparing a treatise. Meanwhile, having three days' notice, the people of Santa Vittoria, under Bombolini's leadership, are hiding a million bottles of wine.

Much of Crichton's effectiveness lies in his ability to describe an action in convincing detail without being dull. He has a happy inventiveness: "There is no need here to put down in detail all the things that Longo did or started. There was an old generator here which was kept in the cellar of Santa Maria of the Burning Oven and which had been left behind by a traveling circus when a juggler had attempted to kill a tightrope walker over the love of a twelve-year-old acrobat, a boy, which confused the people here, and everyone had cut everyone else and gone to the hospital or to jail, and we were left with a set of Indian clubs and the generator for the lights." He also has a gift for memorable figures of speech: "*The last bottle.* They started it down the line with tenderness, they handled it with enormous delicacy. . . . They passed it along the way women pass around the newborn child or as if they were passing the Holy Eucharist, the Body and Blood of Christ, down the mountain, which in a manner they were, since this was the

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wine of God and the body and blood of Santa Vittoria."

Although there is plenty of suspense in the contest between Bombolini and Captain von Prum, at first the former has a clear advantage because the German is so fatuous. But von Prum can always fall back on force, and as he does so the mood of the novel darkens until it comes close to tragedy. Climax follows upon climax until we reach a conclusion that seems absolutely right.

So closely plotted a novel is almost bound to rely on coincidences and other contrivances, and *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* is not wholly free from faults of that order. If a native of the town hadn't happened to be in Montefalcone at the right moment, the townspeople would not have had three days' warning and the wine couldn't have been hidden and there would have been no story. If Captain von Prum hadn't been so stupid and so vain, if Fabio and Tufa and Malatesta and Babbaluche and this one and that one hadn't been just what they were, the ending wouldn't have been so agreeable. But Crichton carries us along, and even after we have finished the book and look back on it with a proper degree of skepticism, we can accept the narrator's moral: "If only one man among all of the rest will not break, as Fabio and then Cavalcanti did not break, then all of them, all those who so despise men that they believe all men can be broken and all men can be bought, *all* of them have failed and all of them are defeated, because one alone destroys them and one alone can give heart to all other men."

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1203

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1203 will be found in the next issue.

SW DVKAPACK AC S QNJ KXSK XSC WFIFG XSZ PNBX FOVFGA-FWBF. —ZDW PSGMNAC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1202

More men are killed by overwork than the importance of the world justifies. —Rudyard Kipling.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Battle of Britain

In his review of Richard Collier's new book *Eagle Day* [*SR*, July 23] Mr. Telford Taylor makes the statement: "Contrary to popular belief, the Royal Air Force did not defeat the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain. . . ."

Mr. Taylor is a reputable author and historian. . . . By what strange process has he managed to arrive at such a conclusion? And how on earth can he compare the Battle of Britain with, of all things, the Battle of Jutland? That really is rubbing salt into the wound.

The view expressed by Mr. Taylor is a ludicrous and very sad distortion of fact, as is his contention that it was the Germans who ". . . shaped the Battle." The Luftwaffe launched an attack with well-defined aims. The Royal Air Force countered that attack, and a battle was fought. The shape of that battle was forced upon the Luftwaffe by the Royal Air Force. The Luftwaffe was denied the achievement of its aims. It was very severely mauled, and it was compelled to withdraw from the battle before it was annihilated. Is Mr. Taylor seriously suggesting that a battle is not won until the losing side is annihilated?

In fairness to Mr. Taylor, I should add that I am also an author, and that I was in the Royal Air Force during the Battle of Britain, serving for part of the time as Personal Assistant to the Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command who is now so very well known as Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding. I would assure Mr. Taylor that there is on record material enough to give him more than an adequate answer to his question asking why there was a Battle of Britain. It would serve to bring into better proportion the mistaken view that he holds that the battle resulted in what he calls a tactical stalemate.

Robert Wright.

Sussex, England.

English Ungloried

I, too, love Emile Capouya and endorse every good thing Florence Jean Goodman says of him [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Aug. 6]. But I am not so sure of the *Saturday Review*'s role in "keeping the standards of English usage from sinking further." In the same issue:

Harry Mark Petrakis finds a new novel "an impressive augur of books [the author] will write." A typo perhaps; *augury* is the only word that will do there.

The witless coupling *and/or* appears twice: in a book review by Joan Joffe Hall and in this letter column, the latter not exactly *SR*'s responsibility but a demonstration of the need to hold the thing down where an editor can.

Robert J. Clements thinks that Capek "deserves more fulsome praise"—*fulsome:* offensively excessive, insincere. Not to say cliché. Mr. Clements also remarks of a character in a play who is "almost hanged on stage. . . . Hoisted, as it were, by his own petard." "As it were" does not kill the association with a rope, widespread and erroneous. A petard is an explosive, *i.e.*, blown up by his own. And it is *hoist*, not hoist*ed*, that is proper to the phrase.

Ellen A. Davidson.

No. Branford, Conn.

Editor's note: *SR blushes for typos and witless couplings; however, it would appear that Robert Clements's use of "fulsome" to mean "full, copious, abundant"—the first usage given in the Oxford Dictionary—is not so obsolete as Webster's Unabridged asserts. Although "hoist" is indeed proper to the Shakespearean phrase, "Magill's Quotations in Context" recognizes a wider application of the saying's literal meaning, "blown up by one's own torpedo": "We use it whenever a trick, trap, or device backfires and victimizes its perpetrator."*

While I cannot agree with Miss Goodman's statement that Mr. Boynton's "attack" on Emile Capouya was "snarling" [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, July 16], I can agree with her that Mr. Capouya's review of Ralph Bates's *The Olive Field* [*SR*, July 16] was beautiful and helpful. However, I fear that I must consider it an exception. I have too often sighed over the absolute *nada* of Mr. Capouya's reviews not to know exactly what Mr. Boynton was talking about. . . . If my reactions are those of a "semi-literate," as Miss Goodman suggests, then I must make the best of it. But honest, Miss G., I adore the *Saturday Review* too!

Elizabeth Steele.

Toledo, O.

Ignition for Hot War

Richard Taplinger's review of *The American Male: A Penetrating Look at the Masculinity Crisis* [*SR*, July 30] seems to be calculated to bring the war between the sexes out of the alleys and kitchens and into the trenches.

This sentence is particularly appalling: "She is a *person* rather than a *woman*, and her husband is less a man for a' that." . . . My opinion is that the man who sees women as persons instead of "just women" is enlarged, enriched, more a man "for a' that." He will have the possibility of enjoying his closest relationship on earth, marriage, with another human being, not a species of the pet world. . . .

There is a masculinity crisis, and a femininity crisis—in fact, a human crisis—and it appears that Mr. Brenton's book may be helpful in getting through the crisis to a fuller life for all.

Margaret A. Rader.

Woonsocket, R.I.

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A Lethal License

The Right to Bear Arms, *by Carl Bakal (McGraw-Hill. 392 pp. $6.95), excoriates the irresponsibility of the National Rifle Association in blocking the passage of legislation regulating the sale of guns, pistols, and other missiles. Harold Lavine is a senior editor of Forbes magazine.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

IT'S ALL part of the American mystique: the Pilgrim father, setting out to kill a turkey for the first Thanksgiving, his musket astride his shoulder; the Minuteman, crouching with his rifle behind a rock as the Redcoats approach; the pioneer wife, fighting to defend her cabin while her man is away, her young ones tugging at her skirts; the covered wagons drawn in a circle, the men taking deadly aim at the attacking redskin horde, the women caring for the wounded; the sheriff and the badman, both cold-eyed, both silent, walking toward each other on a dusty, Western main street, Colts dangling from their hips.

It makes no difference that most of the militia so enshrined in American legend were exactly what the Redcoats called them, a rabble, who drove George Washington almost to despair. ("I am wearied to death . . . at the conduct of the militia," he wrote.) Or that it was the Regular Army who really won the West. Or that, with only an occasional exception, the gunslingers of the frontier couldn't hit the side of a saloon. Most mystiques bear only a fleeting relation to fact, but they are no less real for that.

Our mystique has made us a nation that worships firearms, and in this we are unique. Nowhere else in the world do men believe the right to own a private arsenal, including machine guns, mortars, and even bazookas, is derived from God. And nowhere else do men shoot each other—and themselves—with such abandon. Every year, says Carl Bakal in *The Right to Bear Arms*, there are 17,000 *fatal* shootings in the United States. Since 1900, the first year for which any records at all are available, firearms have claimed the lives of 750,000 Americans. In all the wars in our history, starting with the Revolution and including the war in Vietnam, only 530,000 Americans have fallen in battle.

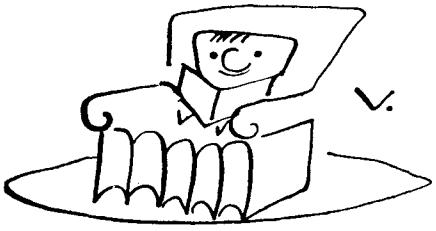
No other nation has a death rate caused by firearms even approaching ours: homicides, 2.7 per 100,000 population; suicides, 5.1 per 100,000; accidents, 1.2 per 100,000. Canada still is largely frontier, but contrast our record with Canada's: homicides, 0.52; suicides, 2.9; accidents, 0.8 per 100,000.

We kill each other (and ourselves, too) with guns for a very simple reason: We have them. How many we have, nobody really knows. Bakal says that some estimates place the number at more than 50 million, others at 200 million, "and one as high as a billion." Any time we're angry, we can always find a gun to vent our anger with; any time we're despondent, we can always find a gun with which to blow our brains out; and sometimes, of course, guns "just go off."

Other nations strictly regulate the sale of firearms. In the United Kingdom, for example, no one can buy a pistol, a revolver, or rifle without a permit from the police, who issue very few of them except to farmers, acknowledged hunters, and members of shooting clubs. Why should they when they rarely find a need to carry guns themselves? Similar restrictions on firearms apply in almost every reasonably civilized nation in the world.

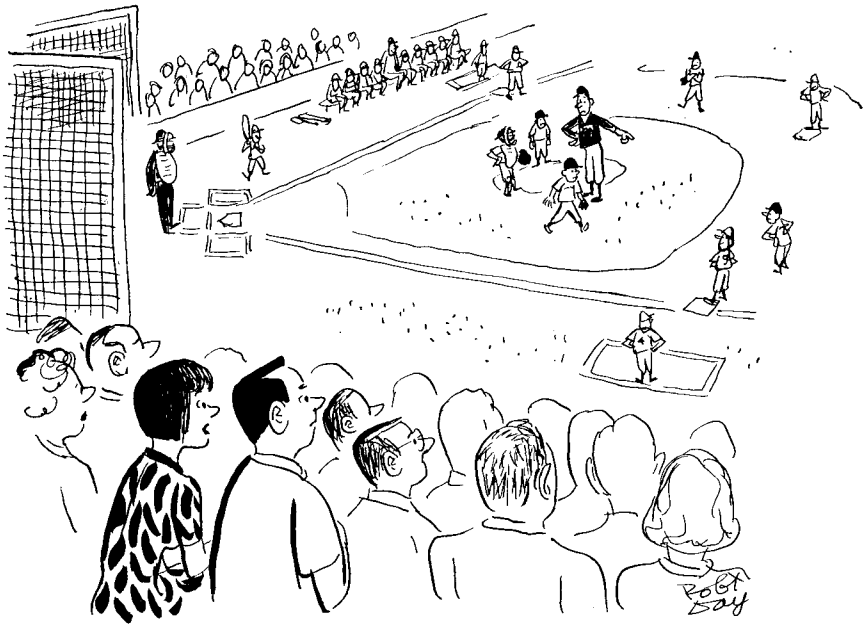
In the United States, by contrast, any dope addict, any professional burglar, any escapee from an insane asylum can buy almost any kind of weapon (except an H-bomb) with ease. In December 1964 a reporter for the Associated Press bought a grenade launcher from a Manhattan gun shop for $15.60 after turning down a World War II mortar offered to him at a bargain price because, the dealer explained, "it takes up too much room." At just about the same time, a Detroit *Free Press* reporter bought a 25-mm. French antitank cannon. "It was easier than buying a package of firecrackers. The price was $150. The salesman told me: 'You could blast a Brink's truck off the map with this thing.'"

There are only two federal laws dealing with firearms. One merely prohibits the possession of machine guns and other automatic weapons unless registered with the Treasury Department; it does not touch pistols, revolvers, rifles,



or shotguns. The other prohibits the interstate shipment of all firearms to and by convicted felons, people under indictment, and fugitives from justice. It also provides that manufacturers, dealers, importers, and others doing business in firearms across state lines have a license. Since, as Bakal learned by doing, anyone can get a license simply by filling out a Treasury form and paying $1, this provision is meaningless.

None of the fifty states requires a permit or a license to purchase a rifle or a shotgun and only seven require a permit or a license to purchase a handgun. And even in those states there is nothing



"I wish he would go to the shower willingly for me."

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to prevent anyone from ordering a gun by mail.

Bakal has written a bitter, angry—and timely—book. The bitterness and the anger stem from the fact that, after Lee Harvey Oswald killed John Fitzgerald Kennedy with an Italian mail-order rifle, a cry arose for legislation regulating the sale of firearms, eighteen bills were offered in Congress—and not a single one was passed. They all fell victim to what is probably the most successful lobby in Washington, the National Rifle Association.

The NRA claims about 700,000 members, but its real power is based on the mystique of the gun, the belief that guns are inseparable from "the American way of life." The NRA, moreover, has succeeded in convincing tens of millions of Americans that any restriction on the sale of guns would violate the Second Amendment, which says, "A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed." The amendment clearly was designed only to protect the right of the states to raise and maintain state militias, but the NRA assiduously has spread the misconception that it also protects the right of teen-age hopheads to carry pistols. The reason for the NRA's attitude is simple greed: addicts are just as good a market for guns as anyone else.

The timeliness of Bakal's book is written in the headlines, in the story of Charles J. Whitman, the all-American boy who killed fifteen people before the police succeeded in killing him. The cry has again arisen for a law to regulate the sale of firearms. President Johnson has called for such legislation. The chances are that nothing will happen, just as nothing happened after the assassination of President Kennedy. As long as Americans continue to cherish the gun as they cherish mom's apple pie, Americans will continue to kill with guns.

—*From "Poussin."*

Poussin, "A Self-Portrait."

Impact in Chiaroscuro and Color

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON, *Director, Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute*

WHILE at the movies, absorbed in an interesting film, have you ever suddenly said to yourself, "Why, it's only in black-and-white!" Or, on the other hand, a different occasion, have you ever felt that there was really no need to do it all in such glorious color? Such thoughts are prompted by the pile of lavishly illustrated art books that I have been accumulating. And although the presence or absence of color is not meant to be the text for this review, there have been times when I wondered whether color is always as necessary or appropriate as publishers seem to think.

A work of art, after all, is a visual object that exists in actual space. It must, so to speak, be seen to be believed. Even in the best black-and-white much of its real presence is lost. If color can communicate something of the texture, the mass, the feel of a particular object, well and good. If it fails to do so, and if it leads one astray from the physical qualities of the original, is it more harmful than black-and-white?

In the last few years color photographs of architecture and sculpture have, on the whole, been more successful than those of paintings. One reason may be that even in a small photograph one's awareness of the three-dimensionality of the building or sculpture preserves a sense of the scale of the original which is more difficult to gauge from a photograph of a painting, even when the dimensions are given. The architectural photographs in *Treasures of Spain, from Charles V to Goya,* by Alexandre Cirici-Pellicer (Skira, $29.50), are stunning examples of this ability of the photograph (and the photographer, too!) to communicate something of the present tense, as it were, of the monument. There are also good reproductions of paintings, especially memorable being Zurbaran's Mercedarian monks in their white robes against solemn gray backgrounds, the four Velázquez infantas in Vienna, and a splendid detail of the boy's head in Goya's "Family of Charles IV."

All in all this is a fine feast for eyes curious to know about Spanish art. The lengthy text, on the other hand, is disappointing, despite the eminence of the author, a professor at the University of Barcelona. Perhaps the fault lies with the translators, who have sometimes written sentences meaningless in English, and who should have known better than to refer to the infantas' sumptuous court dresses as "outfits." But I suspect that the real trouble was a lack of coordination between the author and the publisher. Many things discussed in the text are not reproduced, while some reproductions are not discussed. And can one really write a book today without confronting Murillo, whose reputation shows every sign of having survived a century's neglect?

Art Treasures from the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam (Abrams, $25) is frankly a picture book, with an informative foreword by the museum's director, A. F. E. van Schendel, and brief annotations on each object by B. Haak of the staff. The reproductions are in both color and black-and-white, but, oddly, there is little feeling of contradiction. Often an enlarged black-and-white detail of a painting which is reproduced in color on the opposite page gains vitality by comparison with the color, while itself enhancing the formal properties of the color reproduction. This is especially appropriate when, as must often happen, the original painting has been drastically reduced, with inevitable loss of scale. One knows, of course, that the Rijksmuseum is a stupendous storehouse of Dutch seventeenth-century painting, but in these handsome pages one also learns about its important drawings, prints, sculptures, and decorative arts.

In *Great French Paintings from the Regional Museums of France* (Abrams, $25) the text, for a change, is more important than the reproductions, which, whether in color or not, are unremarkable when not actually poor. What matters here is what is reproduced, and how it is described. The authors, Jean Vergnet-Ruiz and Michel Laclotte, who are respectively the honorary inspector-general and the principal inspector of the provincial museums of France, have written nothing less than a history of French painting from the end of the Middle Ages to the present, without—and this is the trick—using any of the masterpieces in the Louvre. The result is a remarkably fresh and provocative account of an overly familiar subject. To be sure, many great paintings in the provincial museums are already well known, especially the earlier "primitives" which are to be found more often in the provinces than in Paris; and one of the

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most important of the so-called provincial museums is the magnificent Musée Condé at Chantilly, scarcely an hour from Paris. But by and large the works in this book are either unfamiliar paintings by well-known artists or, what is more interesting, unknown paintings by men who have been little more than names in a dictionary, if even that. This is especially true of certain provincial eighteenth-century masters who, for one reason or another, were eclipsed by their contemporaries in Paris. From 1800 on, from Ingres and David through the Fauves and Cubists, there are fewer surprises; for very often the greatest works of the modern masters aren't in France at all, but in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington. Nevertheless, this is a useful and enlightening book, one that belongs in every library on French art.

A new volume in Abrams's Library of Great Painters can be examined in the context of the problems of color reproduction. Walter Friedlaender's *Poussin* ($20) was published in its author's ninety-first year, which is perhaps less remarkable than the fact that, as the subtitle indicates, this is "a new approach." Professor Friedlaender has revised an earlier manuscript in order to study the "meaning" of Poussin's works, by examining changes of content in relation to changes of style. This would be a formidable undertaking for a man half his age, but it is doubtful whether any younger scholar could have surpassed or even equaled the range and depth of his serene humanistic knowledge and his radiant (I use the word advisedly) understanding of the great Frenchman's difficult but noble art. As is customary in this useful series, the forty-eight plates are preceded by a substantial introduction, generously supported by comparative material in black-and-white; what is unusual is that this material has been continued into the plate section, with profitable dividends for the reader. The color reproductions on the whole are brisk and clear, as they should be, because clarity and definition are the qualities of Poussin's best work.

The American painter John Singleton Copley (1738-1815) was only eight years younger than Goya, but he seems to have belonged to another world. He was pre-eminently a portraitist, and an eighteenth-century one at that; even in the works executed after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in England he rarely departed from the stylistic principles of eighteenth-century English art. Such art, and portraiture in general, have fallen very low in public and critical esteem in recent years—quite wrongly, one may think, given the range of technical and expressive invention that is possible within so restricted a genre—and Copley's star has been somewhat obscured. The handsome exhibition arranged by Jules David Prown of Yale University and held last fall in Washington, New York, and Boston obliged us to reconsider Copley's qualities, and now we have Professor Prown's two-volume *John Singleton Copley* (Harvard University Press, $25), a most auspicious beginning for the Ailsa Mellon Bruce Studies in American Art. The work enables us to form a more sympathetic understanding of Copley's remarkable achievement. He was our first truly professional painter, achieving that distinction in Boston, an environment one would have thought unpropitious for his talents. But talent he had, both as draftsman and colorist, and in the context of our history he is a great artist because he possessed that most important of all gifts for a portraitist, the ability to explain the inner as well as to describe the outer man. In the 1760s Boston may have been an unlikely place in which to teach oneself to paint, but it supplied Copley with something worth more than technical training: a society that wanted portraits and knew that Copley could paint them. The result was a succession of images that are unmatched, even by Reynolds and Gainsborough, as psychological documents.

Professor Prown has been interested in two aspects of Copley: the social, professional, and economic origins of his American sitters, and the kind and quality of his English work. In the first volume he supplies tables of pertinent extra-pictorial information about the sitters, which he has analyzed with the help of a computer. The social historian should be interested in the application of statistical techniques to art historical events. The art historian will find even more useful the second volume devoted to Copley's less familiar English period, where for the first time his biography and the paintings and drawings are fully documented and catalogued. There is also a complete catalogue of the American work, and a bibliography which will be essential for all future work on Copley.

Except for the frontispiece, a self-portrait in pastel which hints of Copley's ravishing sense of color, the illustrations are all in black-and-white, but, to revert to our cinematic metaphor, this is an occasion when we are scarcely aware that the visual experience is not a colored one. The fundamental structure of Copley's art was linear and spatial, qualities that survive reproduction in black-and-white.

The English painter John Constable has always been hard to see in this country. There are a handful of masterpieces in our major museums, but no such general dispersion of his works throughout the public and private collections as has occurred with the French Barbizon painters and the Impressionists. This is a pity, because without some knowledge of Constable even French landscape painting of the later nineteenth century is not entirely intelligible. Part of our ignorance may not be of our doing; there has not been a full-length critical study of the artist since 1902. Happily Graham Reynolds, Keeper of the Constable Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and author of its exemplary catalogue (1960), has written an authoritative mono-

—From "Art Treasures of the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam."

Detail from "The Adoration of the Golden Calf," by Lucas van Leyden.

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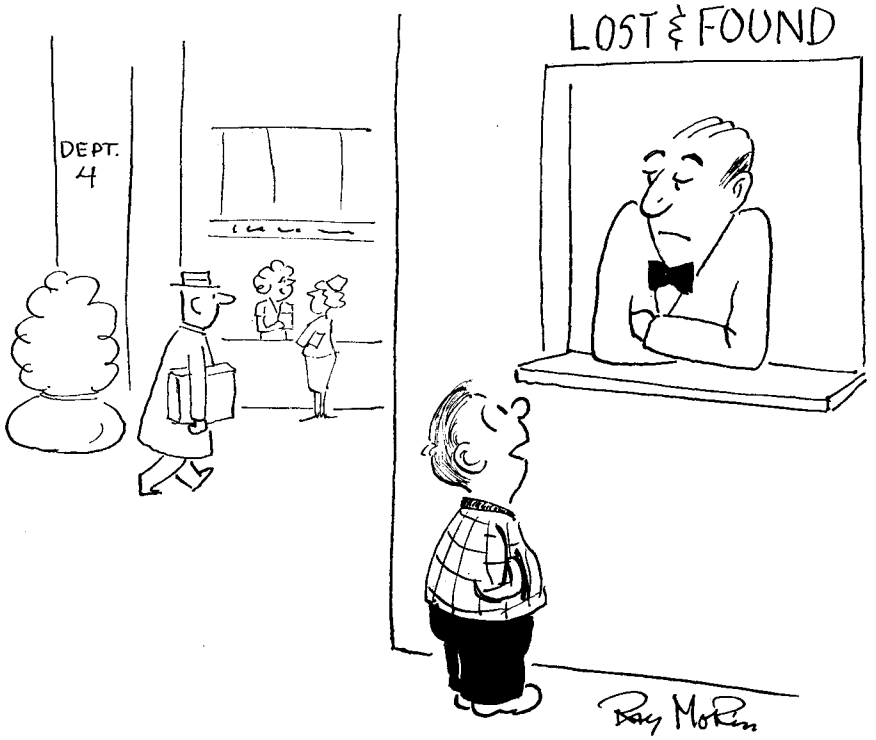
graph in *Constable, the Natural Painter* (McGraw-Hill, $17.50). He traces the development of Constable's sober conception of "picturesque landscape" in relation both to the Suffolk scenery he so deeply loved and to contemporary intellectual events in London, such as the appearance of scientific studies of weather and cloud formation, bracing antidotes to Wordsworth's transcendental nature poetry which Constable also admired. Most interesting is Mr. Reynolds's analysis of the large finished compositions of canal scenes, which he considers not inferior to the preliminary studies that for so long have been preferred by most critics. He also explains the subjects of these pictures, which are not so romantically imaginative as one might think. The "Leaping Horse," for instance, has a reason for leaping that the reader may be surprised to discover.

Modern German painting has been so little seen in this country that Will Grohmann's *Willi Baumeister, Life and Work* (Abrams, $35) is particularly good to have. Baumeister (1889-1955), unlike the Expressionists in Munich and Dresden, early understood the structural significance of French art. He visited Paris first in 1914, and knew and admired Léger and Le Corbusier. From their severe and semi-mechanistic esthetics he evolved a personal pictorial ideology, somewhat reminiscent of Miró's in his use of organic, biological forms but with subtleties of surface texture that pushed beyond Miró's tactile experiments to the verge of more recent developments in *art informel*. After the Second World War Baumeister was honored in Germany for his independent and undaunted dedication to abstract art throughout the Nazi period. He who finds the general run of Expressionism too morbid and turgid should look at Baumeister's detached, poetic configurations. Even if they confirm his love for French painting, he will understand his own taste better for having seen French ideas of form developed by an important German painter. Will Grohmann is the dean of contemporary German critics of modern art, and this book, like his similar studies of Klee and Kandinsky, contains a complete illustrated catalogue in addition to a sympathetic and informative text.

The latest volume in the series The Arts of Mankind, edited by André Malraux and George Salles, is *The Flowering of the Italian Renaissance*, by André Chastel, professor of the history of modern art at the Sorbonne (Odyssey, $25). This is a beautiful and unusual book. It is magnificently illustrated with middling to good black-and-whites and good to superior color plates. The choice and juxtaposition of the illustrations force the reader to new conclusions about quattrocento Italy, for it is at once apparent that Chastel has something other in mind than the conventional survey. Florence, for example, is not the prime attraction, but takes her place beside rather than ahead of Lombardy, Naples, Rome, and Venice. Chastel warns the reader that the usual "set-pieces" are absent, as indeed they are. Fra Angelico and Verrocchio are mentioned but not reproduced, and other familiar figures are similarly slighted (imagine a discussion of Medicean Florence without Gozzoli's procession of the Magi in the Medici Chapel!). But Chastel has his reasons. He reminds us that Jakob Burckhardt had intended to publish a book on Renaissance art that would complement his famous *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, but got no further than a chapter on architecture, which appeared in 1867. A century later Chastel has taken up the challenge by writing a history of Italian art which, in Burckhardt's terms, is *structural* in order "to bring to light the contexts within which names and works . . . find their places as elements of a whole that helps to define them." While disclaiming any pretense of having written the book that Burckhardt hoped to, Chastel does state that he has "followed his advice and returned to a classification by genres and themes."

The consequences are uncommonly interesting. Relieved from the traditional biographical details and the obligation to evaluate each master's work, Chastel is free to pursue such subjects as the relation of the artist to his workshop and to his patron; the vogue for marquetry, which is seen to be critical for the development of Renaissance geometry and perspective, and the conflicts and exchanges between the major arts as well as the development of new techniques, especially in drawing. The ideas are so fresh that the text seems occasionally almost too compact, but the illustrations on every page lead the mind onward through the exercise of the eye. Perhaps this is not a book for the beginner, but anyone with curiosity and a little knowledge will know much more after reading it.

Two additions to the series Art—Ideas—History (Skira, $20 each) are Nello Ponente's *The Structures of the Modern World*, which despite its title deals only with the second half of the nineteenth century, and Robert L. Delevoy's *Dimensions of the Twentieth Century, 1900-1945*. Both books are densely constructed, the arguments commencing with general historical propositions and progressing, through tighter definitions, to the consideration of actual works of art. Thus in the third part of Ponente's volume, "The Dimensions of the Mind," he passes from the general principles put forward by Ruskin as "The Lamp of Truth" to the new architectural and decorative designs of *Art Nouveau*. The character of Delevoy's thesis is suggested by such titles as "The Predicament of Rationalism" and "The Principle of Indeterminacy." Some of this would be hard going over fairly well-known territory were it not exemplified in large color plates. Those of the paintings are up to Skira's familiar standards (in fact, some of them seem very familiar indeed), which means that they are bright and



"If a hysterical mother comes by, I'm over in the guitar section."

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legible; but those of sculpture and architecture are, if anything, more persuasive. The confrontation of Gaudí's Güell Park in Barcelona with Hoffmann's Palais Stoclet in Brussels explains the differences between curvilinear and straight-line developments within *Art Nouveau* and *Jugendstil* better than any number of words, while the juxtaposition in convincing color of Rietveld's Schröder House at Utrecht and Wright's Falling Water at Bear Run shows what we need to know about the similarities and differences between the European and American treatments of the International Style. In sum, through text and pictures Ponente and Delevoy have written a history of modern art which proves that it has been a primary, not just a contributory, element in the major social and philosophical developments of the past century.

Donald Bullough in *The Age of Charlemagne* (Putnam, $15) has written the political and dynastic history of the first Holy Roman Emperor, so that only one of his seven chapters is devoted to art and architecture. However, works of art, including engrossed and illuminated manuscripts, account for so much of the dispersed and fragmentary documentation of the period that his visual materials constitute an unusually ample survey of Carolingian art. Many of the photographs, especially of the architecture, are new and clear.

I can profess no competence in oriental studies, but I cannot overlook *Khmer Sculpture and the Angkor Civilization*, by Madeleine Giteau (Abrams, $25), a volume of such surpassing beauty that one feels as if a window had been opened on a realm of artistic experience hitherto as obscured by inadequate publication as Angkor itself was hidden so long by tropical growth. The photographs, by Hans Hinz, are as beautiful in black-and-white as in color. How often, we may even be led to wonder, has the photographer created new artistic experiences—through lighting, contrast of backgrounds, and the camera's ability to focus upon the tactile qualities of physical substances—which we might not have seen for ourselves in the presence of the actual objects? Who can say, if he has not seen the originals in the museums of Cambodia and at Angkor? The author of the meticulously detailed text seems unperturbed by these problems as she unravels stylistic differentiations and iconographical distinctions. She has supplied a typological catalogue in small black-and-white illustrations as well as eight comparative chronological charts to help us through this unfamiliar terrain, no less surprising for its strangeness than consoling for its indications of the exalted beauty which Southeast Asia was once capable of creating and, hopefully, may be again.

Authors in Search of Identity

New Writing from the Philippines: A Critique and Anthology, *by Leonard Casper (Syracuse University Press. 411 pp. $7.95), offers an introduction to Filipino literature written in English during the period 1930-65. Donald A. Yates, associate professor of Romance languages at Michigan State University, frequently comments on Latin American and European literature in English translation.*

By DONALD A. YATES

TWENTY years ago last month the Philippine Republic was officially established. That is the Filipino's form of government today as he moves into a third decade in search of the stability and identity that, hopefully, national independence will ultimately produce.

The history of the Philippine people has been closely linked to the fortunes of three powerful nations since Magellan arrived in 1521 and brought the islands under Spanish rule. Spain's grip was finally broken, after centuries of abuse and a series of abortive nationalist uprisings, at the end of the Spanish-American War in 1898. The Philippines then fell under the domination of the United States for a not entirely peaceful period of forty-odd years. In the fateful December of 1941 the Japanese bombed Manila, invaded Luzon, and established a harsh occupational rule that lasted until 1945. A year after the end of the war in the Pacific, the Republic was instituted, and it, too, has endured many hardships, especially of an economic nature.

In *New Writing from the Philippines: A Critique and Anthology* Leonard Casper, who has taught and studied for a number of years in the Philippines, has undertaken to discuss and put on display some of the modern literature produced by this struggling nation. For the purpose of his book, "new" covers the period from 1930 to 1965; and he has elected to study only works written originally in the English language. The volume is derived from extensive first-hand association with Philippine authors and critics, and it should more properly be considered a work of scholarly endeavor than a casually edited collection of representative selections.

Maintaining that the ambitions of Philippine literature are intimately bound to the nation's social character, Casper first offers a concise, informative socio-historical essay entitled "Stability and Change: The Philippine Experience," in which he has occasion to review the literary antecedents of the contemporary period. (He indicates here that the realistic novels of José Rizal [d. 1896], who apparently wrote only in Spanish, stand out as great landmarks that tower over all other works of Philippine literature written prior to the twentieth century and, in fact, have yet to be equaled in our day.) Casper then passes on to his critique, which consists of two chapters that deal exclusively with contemporary writers. The first of these considers the "uneasy coexistence of traditional folk patterns and the impulse toward social mobility." The second is concerned with "contours and dimensions beyond class distinction."

The first chapter involves, generally speaking, the nationalistic and regionalistic writers, while the second discusses the more modern writers whose concerns transcend national institutions and boundaries and engage less localized themes of individual and cosmic identity. These two phases, one notes, closely parallel the step taken by most Western literatures in passing from the nineteenth century into the twentieth: in broad terms, a development from the regional and national toward the personal-introspective or universal.

CASPER discusses his authors intelligently and with a tone of self-assurance based on familiarity with their work. However, his preference for presenting his critical chapters as merely a succession of discussions on individual authors would seem to have restricted his freedom to identify literary generations or trends, if such are indeed discernible. This constitutes possibly the only serious deficiency of the critique.

Far from indulgent with the Philippine writers he treats, Professor Casper is severe with shoddy writing wherever he finds it. Few of the thirty authors and poets he discusses at some length receive unqualified favorable judgments. While his critical style flashes with authority, it also reveals several flaws which tend to diminish its effect. Lengthy, overweighted sentences crack open here and there, isolating fragments of thought. And occasionally

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one encounters a technical term imprecisely used. Curiously, dates of birth are given (in an appendix) only for writers included in the anthology and not for those treated in the critique.

With regard to the anthology, it is difficult to imagine the reader who will sample the selection of short stories, poetry, and drama without experiencing a sense of discovery. To judge from what is displayed here, the Philippine writer is little attracted to themes of imagination and fancy. He is essentially an experimenter with reality. His created world is his own, a world defined by the traditions of his ancestors, by his nation's troubled past, and by his own sense of being unrealized as a personage (as a Filipino) before other men.

The short stories are the most impressive feature of the anthology. The poetry, with a few exceptions (Edith L. Tiempo, Virginia R. Moreno, Epifanio San Juan), is unarresting and, in some instances, fails to journey beyond the regions of prose. There is actually more lyricism, muted and understated as it may be, in the prose selections. "Zita," by Arturo B. Rotor, and "So," by Andrés Cristóbal Cruz, are delicately wrought love stories. They are brief and swept clear of distractions, as perfect in what has been excluded as in the unerring suggestiveness of their few scenes. Other tales are deftly woven around domestic themes. Gregorio C. Brillantes's "A Wind Over the Earth" and Anthony Morli's "Dada" reveal deep wells of human experience that are reflected in small facets of family life. One comes to feel that these Philippine writers are in some way elaborators of oriental miniatures—which may, in fact, partly explain the unique appeal of these tales.

New Writing from the Philippines is a valuable and illuminating volume on two main counts. First, Professor Casper's integrity and broad knowledge are evident throughout. Secondly, and most significantly, the literature is allotted space to speak eloquently—as it does—for itself.

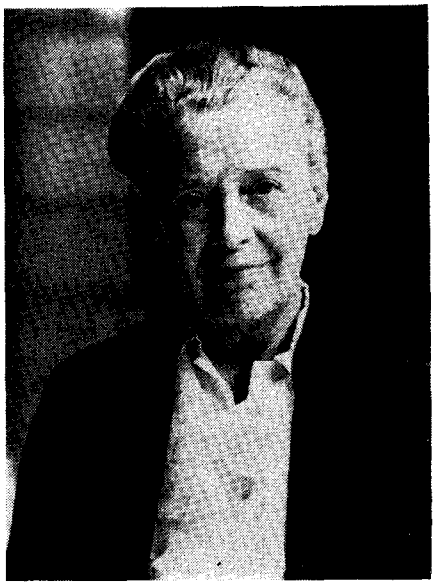
Lively Rooms at the Top

The Early Life of Stephen Hind, *by Storm Jameson (Harper & Row. 284 pp. $4.95), focuses on a social-climbing young secretary and his employer, a retired politician whose memoirs are coveted by various persons for different reasons. The latest book by Walter Guzzardi, Jr., is "The Young Executives."*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

STORM JAMESON has written another flawless novel. In her genre—the genre of the popular best-seller that moves with considerable velocity in circulating libraries—this British novelist has few peers. Something like thirty-nine novels in about forty-five years have flowed from her facile pen, and she stands now at the pinnacle of her profession. To liken her work with that of Frances Parkinson Keyes, who is also on a pinnacle, is to do Miss Jameson (Mrs. Guy Patterson Chapman of Cambridge, England, in private life) considerable injustice. True, there are points of resemblance—for one, an enormity of output, Mrs. Keyes having written forty-seven novels in the last forty-eight years, many of them best-sellers—but, unlike Mrs. Keyes, Miss Jameson eschews the cliché, commands considerable felicity of phrase, and possesses marked ingenuity and originality.

Her merits as a fabricator of popular books have seldom been better displayed than they are in her new novel, to which she has given the evocative title *The Early Life of Stephen Hind*. The plot has, so far as personae are concerned, just about everything: an elderly diplomatist-politician, Sir Henry Chatteney, writing his secret memoirs, just faintly tinged with scandal; an ambitious, social-climbing male secretary, Stephen Hind, who types the memoirs and uses his knowledge of them to vault through the social ranks; a worldly and power-seeking publisher, Frederick Hyde, who wants the memoirs, but only at his own price; and Hyde's mature and lusty wife, who loves the business of publishing and the pleasures of bed about equally. A procession of other characters out of the memoirs, most notably the merciless wife and the devoted mistress of the memoirist, enliven the action. The plot also allows for those marvelous scenes (somehow, one sees them as most admired by pensioned widows whose other pleasures are bridge and Brighton) of intimacy in bedrooms where, for once, the great really speak like the great. There the conversation glistens like the china and flashes like the fish knives. One can positively smell the good food, the fine wines, and the craving for power.



—Jerry Bauer.

Storm Jameson—respectable craftsmanship and decent standards.

Despite the admission—indeed, the reassurance—that there may be people with feet of clay in high places, everything comes out quite as it should. Stephen Hind, a sort of elegant British version of Pal Joey, uses women so shamelessly that we can only feel sorry for him in the end. He is bound, despite his slum beginnings, for success and money, but we readers of Storm Jameson know the hollowness of such material things. Sir Henry Chatteney's integrity, once in doubt, survives intact; his great love for his mistress conquers all, even death; and the fleshly Mrs. Hyde, it turns out, is moral in her fashion (in a scene that many ladies will applaud she announces to Stephen, who has just made a marriage of advantage, that she *never* goes to bed with married men). Every knot skillfully tied in the novel's course is just as skillfully untied in the novel's end.

Nothing could be easier than to deprecate all this too much. The people in *The Early Life of Stephen Hind* are, in fact, only people in a book. The plot is just as impossible as they are, and the dramatic scenes—almost entirely carried with dialogue—are contrived. Sins and retribution are all somehow smaller than life size. But there are also some fluent writing, some respectable craftsmanship, and some decent standards folded in—and, in these days when passion's juices overflow and flames leap up in so many, many books, those virtues of Storm Jameson should at least be acknowledged.

Coming September 24

"A Show of Color"

By Margaret R. Weiss

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Prison of the Self

A Jest of God, *by Margaret Laurence (Knopf. 240 pp. $4.95), portrays a spinster schoolteacher's struggle for freedom from a dominating mother and her own inhibitions. Joan Joffe Hall currently teaches English at the University of Kentucky in Lexington.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

MARGARET LAURENCE's last novel, *The Stone Angel,* was the story of an old woman living with her son. In *A Jest of God* the situation is reversed. This new and powerful book comprises the interior monologue of Rachel Cameron, a thirty-four-year-old spinster schoolteacher, called back from the university by her mortician father's death and held at home by her hypochondriac mother, who dominates through weakness and childishness. There Rachel has been for fourteen years, living–dying, rather–above the funeral parlor in a provincial Canadian town, befriended only by a Lesbian and by her principal, who still believes in flogging.

All Rachel's ambivalences and embarrassments are beautifully rendered. When she goes to a revival meeting where people have been speaking in tongues, Rachel only moans in hysteria. Asked out, longing to be free, she nevertheless uses her mother's bridge club as an excuse to stay home. She loves some of her pupils, children she wants for her own; yet her emotions are repressed and it is with these children that she is most severe.

Finally, Rachel overcomes her inarticulateness and her fear of her body and has an affair. The affair is a kind of self-love, having less to do with Nick, really, than with herself, a self-love reinforced by the intensity and exclusiveness of the point of view. She wants a baby so badly that she cannot bring herself to use contraceptives, nor, when she believes herself pregnant after the affair has ended, can she think seriously of an abortion. But there is no baby, only a tumor. Yet, through all the emotional turmoil, Rachel is liberated and strengthened.

It's a fairly common story, and in anyone else's hands could have become sentimental. Mrs. Laurence tells it unsparingly, with absolute authority, using her thorough understanding of Rachel to draw us into her anguish. We know Rachel, sympathize with her, and, in a sense, become Rachel, so authentic is her voice. Mrs. Laurence's characterization is impressive not only in the accuracy with which she presents the petty details of Rachel's life but in her ability to convey the strength of Rachel's intelligence, which survives the weakness of her personality. Rachel is as aware as we are of her subterfuges and the pathos of her erotic fantasies; indeed, her awareness is what is most painful.

—*Skipsey.*

Margaret Laurence—"emotional impact of honest confession."

A Jest of God has extraordinary clarity, beautiful detail, as well as the emotional impact of honest confession. Yet the book is narrow. I do not mean only that we are trapped inside Rachel's skin, but that the first-person, present-tense narrative accentuates the novel's limitations. Other characters, for example, are not fully realized: the mother, a stereotype, rarely commands our sympathy; and Nick, his background on the wrong side of town a cliché, is as mysterious to us as he is wonderful to Rachel. At times, too, the technique is cumbersome, apparently obliging the author to handle dramatically things that might come more easily in summary narrative. I would still be tempted to call the book a minor masterpiece were it not that its world is severely circumscribed. It is no larger than Rachel's life—a considerable achievement, for Rachel is fully alive. But compared, say, to a Jane Austen novel or even to Doris Lessing's *Martha Quest,* which is not as well written, *A Jest of God* is somehow claustrophobic. Rachel herself, however, is superb and movingly human; both she and Mrs. Laurence triumph.

(*Additional fiction reviews on page* 34)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

PERFECT MATCH

When you list the authors of these works in a certain order, the initials of their last names—according to Helene Noble of Bala Cynwyd, Pa.—will spell out the name of a weekly magazine. If all else fails, you may turn to page 45.

1. *Maud* _____
2. *Abraham Lincoln* _____
3. *Time of Your Life, The* _____
4. *Cyrano de Bergerac* _____
5. *Hecuba* _____
6. *Tea and Sympathy* _____
7. *Hollow Men, The* _____
8. *Enemy of the People, An* _____
9. *Adding Machine, The* _____
10. *Unsinkable Molly Brown, The* _____
11. *Tower, The* _____
12. *High Tor* _____
13. *Outward Bound* _____
14. *Romanoff and Juliet* _____

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

It's been said of the modern detective novel that Dashiell Hammett invented it, Raymond Chandler developed it, and Ross Macdonald polished it. Polished it is, to sleek chrome in Macdonald's new paperback, *The Far Side of the Dollar* (Bantam, 50¢), winner of the 1965 English Crime Novel award. Macdonald's hero, Lew Archer (whom movie-goers might recall as the taut-lipped "Harper"), is a tough, intelligent, Bogart-style private eye. "If Archer is cool, it's because he's the author's point of view," said Macdonald, who in private life is Kenneth Millar. "Writers are generally observers; if not they wouldn't be writers, they'd be doers." For all the tough-guy antics that Archer inflicts and endures, he's a serious man and the novels in which he appears are a maze of intricate plots in which the deep past is deftly linked to the present. "That's what I'm trying to do in my own life and my writing reflects it," the author said. "Fortunately the mystery form lets a writer go back and rewrite his story again." For all his literary complexity, Macdonald-Millar's life seems simple. He lives with his wife, Margaret Millar, another distinguished mystery writer, in an oceanside house in Santa Barbara, California, which he calls "an earthly paradise." Here the Millars are avid conservationists, concerned right now with keeping the California condor from becoming extinct. "If my books have a tragic hopefulness, it's because I think American society isn't in a good way. I'm trying to get at the problems that keep us from taking advantage of our heritage." Macdonald paused a moment. "That sounds pretty stuffy, but I guess I'm more serious than my books seem."

Some people can't take no for an answer, and in the case of Edmund Vincent Gillon, Jr., maybe it's just as well. When he took his manuscript of *Early New England Gravestone Rubbings* to publishing firms, most of them scarcely heard the title before closing the door. "Finally one publisher seemed intrigued," recalled Gillon in his New York apartment, which with its primitive antiques is an outpost of New England in Manhattan. "But then he did a survey of undertakers and there weren't enough of them interested." Of course, Gillon's book (Dover, $2.75) would interest anyone who cares about Americana, undertakers included. The "rubbings" that fill its pages are the kind of imprint children make by covering a penny with a piece of paper and coloring it until the design appears. Collecting gravestone impressions doesn't seem extraordinary at all to Gillon, who grew up in the 1930s in Massachusetts. As a schoolboy he shepherded tourists through the historic Sturbridge Village sites. "After school I'd bike to the back country, stop at some secluded graveyard, scrape the lichen off the stones and get to work." Curiously enough, in all his hundreds of expeditions to gather rubbings, no one ever asked what he was doing. "Sometimes people would stop, watch me, and go on their way," said Gillon. "That's New England reticence." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Close to the heart of the matter in American fiction these days is Bruce Jay Friedman. An *SR* reviewer called him "a wild poet of the secret life, one of the funniest of writers, but with a dark echo to the laughter that gets painfully close to the bone." And you can't get much nearer to the marrow than his two novels *Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses*, now published in one volume (Simon & Schuster, $2.25), which have quite a lot to say about the complexity and grotesquery of human-beingness.

Satire and sometimes bold humor mark Flannery O'Connor's *The Violent Bear It Away* (Noonday, $1.95), a novel about an orphan boy in the South, which for all its outright comedy comes close to tragedy.

American nobility, Boston branch, is the subject of Jean Stafford's *The Catherine Wheel* (Avon, 75¢), in which a Maine summer resort is the field for emotional fireworks. The prose as usual is impeccable. Another deft, small-scale novel is Robie Macauley's *The Disguises of Love* (Pyramid, 75¢), in which an affair between a college professor and a student leads his wife and son to self-knowledge.

Castle Keep (Crest, 75¢), William Eastlake's novel about soldiers stationed in a medieval fortress during World War II, is concerned less with war than with men reacting to the absurdity of their times. An original book by a writer who in each of his past novels has attempted the uncommon.

Paul Horgan is an author who tends his own fires, unmindful of prevailing literary trends. *The Common Heart* (Popular, $1.25) is a harsh look at the new culture of the American West and seems meant for the broad screen, while *Things As They Are* (Noonday, $1.95), a slender book, seemingly autobiographical, reflects on a small boy's growing up in Catholic New England.

And just a note on a literary curiosity: Austin Tappan Wright's *Islandia* (Signet,, $1.25). First published in 1942, eleven years after the death of Tappan, a specialist in corporation law, the book has remained an "underground novel." It is an adventure story about a utopian country which Tappan's imagination supplied with a language, maps, and history.

America the Beautiful

Margaret Mead, best known for her observations of primitive peoples, shifted her gaze to the American character in *And Keep Your Powder Dry* (Apollo, $1.95). Written in the 1940s and here updated to include a lengthy discussion of the Sixties, the book reviews traditional attitudes from naïveté to cynicism, apathy to activism.

The vital impact of recent immigration on America is noted by Lloyd Morris in *Postscript to Yesterday* (Harper, $2.45), a social history of U.S. life and thought from the turn of the century through World War II. In *Ancestors and Immigrants* (Science Editions,

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$1.65) Barbara Miller Solomon is also concerned with newcomers. Hers is a history of Boston of the past century, when the intellectual and financial élite were threatened by the influx of Irish that eventually diverted the course of New England tradition. Such mutations are by no means limited to the past century, as Patricia Cayo Sexton points out in *Spanish Harlem* (Harper Colophon, $1.45), an absorbing analysis of New York City's Puerto Rican ghetto.

The architects, city planners, and cultural philosophers who attended the Design in America symposium at Princeton in 1964 were concerned with the face of the nation. *Who Designs America*, edited by Laurence B. Holland (Anchor, $1.45), presents ten essays from the conference which comprise a lively discussion of the looks of things, from a cigarette package to an urban development.

"There are many roads to insanity and our culture has probably trod them all," writes Jules Henry in *Culture Against Man* (Vintage, $2.45), an outspoken, thoroughly personal book about the way we live now. Mr. Henry includes just about everyone, from disorderly teen-agers to the aged in their "human obsolescence."

The Mind

Dear old mother; she's the villainess capable of maiming her young as malevolently as any high-strung she-mink. And if you don't believe it, take a look at Dr. David M. Levy's *Maternal Overprotection* (Norton, $2.95), the eminently readable results of research among parents and youngsters at New York City's former Institute of Child Guidance. Case histories often make fascinating reading; in these, children both rebellious and dependent display the wounds of smother love. The ultimate in mother-hate is Fredric Wertham's *Dark Legend* (Bantam, 75¢), a real-life Oresteian tragedy in which a young boy commits matricide.

More for social scientists than the concerned parent is Susan Isaacs's *Intellectual Growth in Young Children* (Schocken, $2.45), based on schoolroom observation, which asserts the value of new and varied stimuli in promoting child development. Gisela Konopka's *The Adolescent Girl in Conflict* (Spectrum, $1.95) deals primarily with teen-agers in reformatories; but these studies, more compassionate than cool, of young women who have clashed with society touch upon the plight of all youngsters facing an alien adult world.

Two new books by Theodor Reik are *Psychology of Sex Relations* (Evergreen, 95¢) and *Curiosities of the Self* (Noonday, $2.25). In the former the psychologist differentiates between love and lust and expounds on "ego-gains and sex gratifications." The essays in *Curiosities of the Self* range from "Murder in Mind," about the unconscious impulses in all human beings to harm those close to them, to a provocative piece on the psychological conditioning of Jews in American culture.

Dr. Eric Berne, who scored a success with *Games People Play*, wrote *The Structure and Dynamics of Organizations and Groups* (Evergreen, $2.45) as a handbook on the mental health of aggregations. Based on studies of such varying groups as the army, universities, and penal institutions, Dr. Berne tries to determine what happens when a group "ails" and ceases to fulfill its functions and purposes.

The Little Moron jokes aren't as dumb as they seem, according to Martin Grotjahn, M.D., whose *Beyond Laughter* (McGraw-Hill, $2.95) relates humor to unconscious impulses and examines its vital role in the development of maturity.

The German Question

In its own specific way Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler* (Princeton, $2.95) has become a classic of its period, those years after the First World War when Germany's films—and who could ever forget Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*?—reflected the restless, cynical atmosphere that helped pave the way for Adolf Hitler.

"Governments must often negotiate and live on peaceful terms with other governments whose domestic policies they find distasteful," observes Martin Gilbert; and though he might have been referring to any international policy, in *Britain and Germany Between Two Wars* (Barnes & Noble, $2) he discusses Winston Churchill, Neville Chamberlain, and Lloyd George, among others, in a careful study of England and emerging Nazism.

Milton Mayer's *They Thought They Were Free* (Phoenix, $2.45) pursues the paths of ten Nazis who, for reasons ranging from fervor to fear, followed Hitler from 1933 to 1945. The book is both informative and highly dramatic.

Hitler's promise of "an Empire that will last a thousand years" was less a madman's illusion than a dream based upon the historical precedent of the Holy Roman Empire. Richard Grunberger's *Germany* (Harper Colophon, $1.45), a lean and lucid book, explains the events that led from the bright hopes of the Weimar Republic to the suicides in the Berlin bunker.

"A true liberal would tolerate my Rotarian viewpoint."

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Criminal Record

An Agent in Place: The Wennerström Affair. *By Thomas Whiteside. Viking.* $3.95. This is a definitive and thoroughly absorbing account of the career of the Swedish colonel who betrayed the West for fifteen years, during five of which he was stationed in Washington.

Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry. *By Harry Kemelman. Crown.* $3.95. Rev. David Small, hero of the memorable *Friday the Rabbi Slept Late*, scores again when a north-of-Boston death develops religious subtleties. Wise and witty.

Otley. *By Martin Waddell. Stein & Day.* $3.95. Youthful London antique dealer finds self innocently involved with espionage set; zestful and hilarious tale is enlivened by superb chase sequences (but what is "Irwin Shaw" doing in this galley?).

Pure Poison. *By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club.* $3.50. Chief of Police Fred C. Fellows of Stockford, Conn., tackles a tricky one when school official imbibes strychnine; search takes in New Jersey, Indiana. Back in the groove again.

The Cool Cottontail. *By John Ball. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Discovery of body in swimming pool in California nudist park gives Virgil Tibbs, Pasadena Negro lawman, chance to prove himself again. Sensitively and sensibly handled.

Murder Roundabout. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.95. Demise of slightly passé movie beauty sends Capt. Heimrich of N.Y. state police hither and yon in pursuit of killer; Porsche admirers will not be pleased; poison ivy figures. On the ball.

The Case of the Worried Waitress. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Perry Mason fights way through tangle of financial shenanigans to aid comely gal; Hamilton Burger goes soft; fractured paragraphing persists. Rather heavily involved.

The Dark Trade. *By Anthony Lejeune. Crime Club.* $3.50. London newshawk who moonlights as intelligence sleuth takes bumps on home ground and in Paris, where teddy-girls take over; love finds a way. Noisemaker.

Some Avenger, Rise! *By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row.* $4.50. L. A. police sergeant, accused of bribe-taking, battles way back with assistance of lawyer pal. Search for framer is thorough but protracted.

Exit Screaming. *By Herbert Dalmas. Walker.* $3.50. One-man plot to murder Ivy League college prexy leads to exciting doings, with climax arriving in stadium packed with big-game fans (but who won?). Amiably preposterous.

The Blind Cave. *By Leo Katcher. Viking.* $4.50. CIA agent Richard Landon (his cover is journalism) has himself a wild time among (you've guessed it) the Isles of Greece; he's hunting three kilos of plutonium. A real sparkler, written with grace and wit.

A Business of Bodies. *By Stanton Forbes. Crime Club.* $3.50. New England sub-freshman (good kid) narrates this tale involving substituted corpse and related chicanery. Morticians will grit teeth.

The Evil That Men Do. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Posh Manhattan hostelry is scene of wild confusion, murder included, as unsought guests attempt takeover; nice resident manager gets the answers and the culprits. Sound intramural number.

The Old Trade of Killing. *By John Harris. Sloane-Morrow.* $4.95. Four British vets of 1940s Sahara fighting seek paymaster's chest but run into competition, treachery, and a bumbling Yankee archeologist and his charming niece. Action-packed, with vivid glimpses of desert life.

Enter Certain Murderers. *By Sara Woods. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Killing at roadside phone booth wins interest of Antony Maitland, London barrister, when he learns that Scotland Yard is looking suspiciously at two of his friends. Leisurely and lethal.

The Private Face of Murder. *By John and Emery Bonett. Crime Club.* $3.50. Inspector Borges of Spanish police here makes a second welcome appearance as he looks into pair of "accidents" in coast resort favored by English expatriates.

The Baron and the Chinese Puzzle. *By John Creasey (writing as Anthony Morton). Scribners.* $3.95. Remember the Baron, London jewel thief who went straight and became consultant to Scotland Yard? Well, this time he flies to Hong Kong (where so many mystery writers seem to be active these days) and has a real exciting visit.

—Sergeant Cuff.

"The only drawback to the plan is I'll owe him a testimonial dinner."

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology, Sociology

CUNA. By Joanne M. Kelly. A. S. Barnes. $7.50.

PIEGAN: A Look from Within at the Life, Times, and Legacy of an American Indian Tribe. By Richard Lancaster. Doubleday. $4.95.

Crime, Suspense

IN A GLASS DARKLY. By Janet Caird. Mill-Morrow. $3.95.

Current Affairs

AMBIGUOUS AFRICA: Cultures in Collision. By Georges Balandier. Pantheon. $5.95.

DATELINE VIET NAM. By Jim G. Lucas. Crown. $4.95.

MODERN INTERNATIONAL NEGOTIATION. By Arthur Lall. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.95.

Education

THE MONTESSORI REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION. By E. M. Standing. Schocken. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

Fiction

FRIENDS AND HEROES. By Olivia Manning. Doubleday. $4.95.

HELLFIRE JACKSON. By Garland Roark and Charles Thomas. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE JUDGMENT OF EVE: A Novel of Human Inquiry. By Edgar Pangborn. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE LUCK OF THE LONELY SEA. By Patrick O'Hara. McKay. $4.95.

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE HENHOUSE. By Thomas Bledsoe. Alan Swallow. $3.95.

THE PIANO SPORT. By Don Asher. Atheneum. $4.95.

TURNING ON: Thirteen Stories. By Damon Knight. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE WAY IT WAS. By Stephen Sohmer. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

History

THE CHILDREN. By Charity Blackstock. Little, Brown. $4.95.

THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE. By David Hawke. Bobbs-Merrill. $10.

DICTATORSHIP IN SPANISH AMERICA. Edited by Hugh M. Hamill, Jr. Knopf. $3.95.

ECUADOR. By Betty J. Meggers. Praeger. $7.50.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE DREAM. By William Gaunt. Schocken. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.45.

VIENNA. By Ilsa Barea. Knopf. $7.95.

Literary History, Criticism

HEMINGWAY IN MICHIGAN. By Constance Cappel Montgomery. Fleet. $5.95.

SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION. Volume One: A Selection of Prose, Poetry, and Drama Before 1888. Edited by Willis Knapp Jones. Ungar. $7.50.

STANDARDS: A Chronicle of Books for Our Time. By Stanley Edgar Hyman. Horizon. $6.75.

WRITER BY TRADE: A Portrait of Arnold Bennett. By Dudley Barker. Atheneum. $6.50.

Miscellany

THE AMERICAN HORSE. By Barney Nagler. Macmillan. $5.95.

GOLF: Its History, People and Events. By Will Grimsley and Robert Trent Jones. Prentice-Hall. $19.95.

HOW TO BECOME A LEGEND IN YOUR OWN LIFETIME. By Gene Schinto and Jules Bascal. Abelard-Schuman. $2.50.

MANUAL OF CLASSICAL EROTOLOGY. By Fred. Chas. Forberg. Grove. $7.50.

THE NEW WAY TO LIVE WITH DIABETES: A Complete Guide. By Charles Weller, M.D., and Brian Richard Boylan. Doubleday. $3.95.

PRACTICAL STEELHEAD FISHING. By James Freeman. A. S. Barnes. $6.95.

Personal History

BOGIE. By Joe Hyams. New American Library. $4.95.

EDUCATION BY UNCLES. By Abigail Adams Homans. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

EVERYTHING BUT MONEY. By Sam Levenson. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE LAND, THE PEOPLE. By Rachel Peden. Knopf. $5.95.

MARIE AND THE DUKE OF H: The Daydream Love Affair of Marie Bashkirtseff. By Doris Langley Moore. Lippincott. $6.50.

WOMAN IN TWO WORLDS. By Wanda Martin. Silvermine/Taplinger. $3.95.

Poetry

LOOKING UP AT LEAVES. By Barbara Howes. Knopf. $4.

Psychology

PERSPECTIVES IN MENTAL RETARDATION. Edited by Thomas E. Jordan. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $8.

Religion, Philosophy

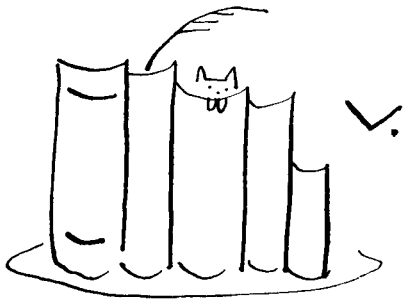
LAW AND CONSCIENCE. By Franz Böckle. Sheed & Ward. $3.75.

PORTRAITS OF DESTINY. By Canon Melville Harcourt. Sheed & Ward. $5.50.

PRIEST IN PARADISE: With God to Illinois. By Bernard Basset, S.J. Herder & Herder. $3.50.

SALVATION HISTORY AND THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By Paul Hinnebusch, O.P. Sheed & Ward. $4.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.



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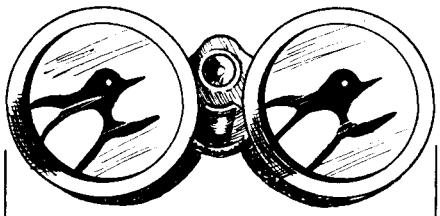

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THE LEAN YEARS: A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WORKER 1920-1933. *Irving Bernstein.* **$2.25**

THE PELICAN HISTORY OF GREECE. *A. R. Burn.* **$1.95**

WORLD RELIGIONS: A DIALOGUE. *Ninian Smart.* **$1.25**

SHAKESPEARE: POEMS. *Ed. by Richard Wilbur and Alfred Harbage.* **95¢**

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Cursed with Conscience

Kamala Markandaya—extra dimension.

A Handful of Rice, *by Kamala Markandaya (John Day. 297 pp. $5.95), chronicles the years of hardship that turn a rebellious young Indian into a weary, middle-aged everyman. Margaret Parton was a newspaper correspondent in India for several years.*

By MARGARET PARTON

HALFWAY through Kamala Markandaya's latest novel the names of other books begin to rise through layers of memory: *The Growth of the Soil, The Good Earth, Giants in the Earth.* Like Hamsun, Pearl Buck, and Rölvaag, Miss Markandaya is also writing about the endurance of the poor in the face of life's disasters. But in her case the disasters are not those created by nature—drought, blizzard, or locusts—but the quietly grinding inexorabilities of life itself. The setting is India, but it might be anywhere; in New York as in Bombay life crushes fervor into resignation, and men (and women, too) find that virtue is indeed its only reward.

These thoughts are far from the mind of young Ravishanker, who has come to the city from a hopeless village much like the one Miss Markandaya wrote about in her first and best-known novel, *Nectar in a Sieve.* Ravi has thrown off the traditions of his defeated father and in Bombay has accepted those of his gang-leader friend Damodar: "Grab or go under." When we first meet him he is drunk, hungry, arrogant, and free. He has not yet reformed society, but he has every intention of doing so.

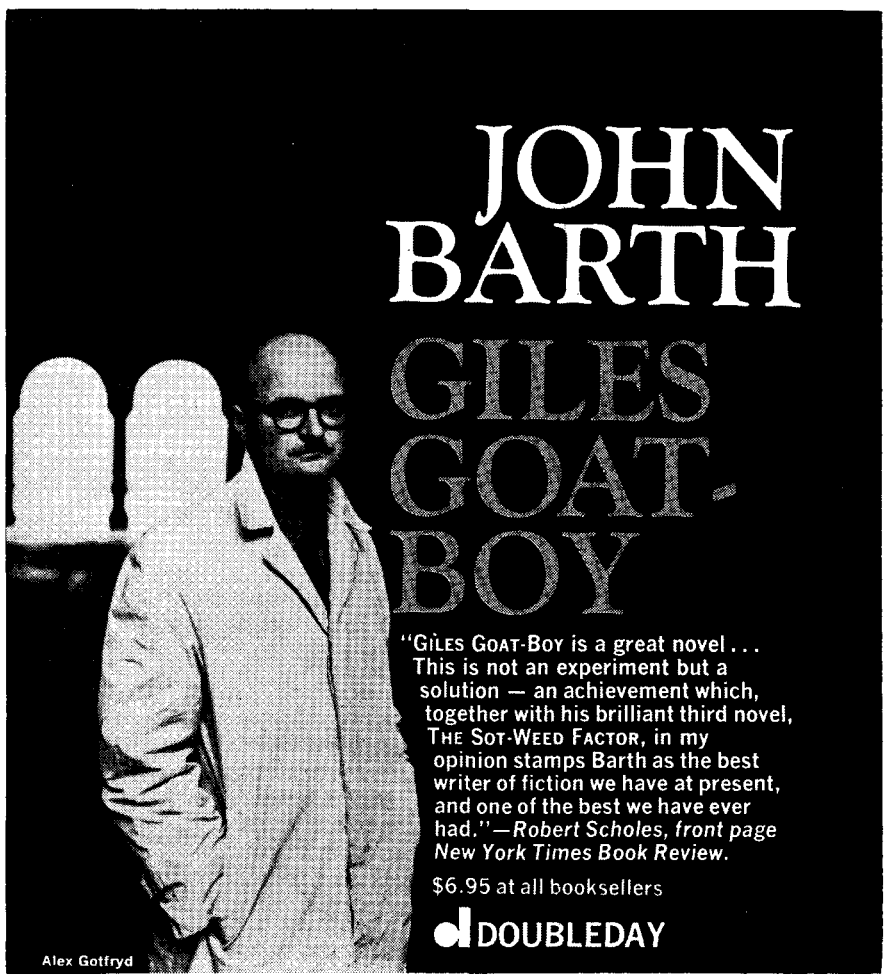
For Ravi, who is blessed (or cursed, Damodar would say) with a conscience and a yearning for respectability, life has other plans. He is befriended by an elderly tailor, Apu, and by Apu's termagant wife Jayamma. He is taken into their tiny home to learn the trade of tailoring, and, for love of their gentle daughter Nalini, settles down to unaccustomed work and eventually to marriage.

In careful detail Miss Markandaya chronicles the next ten years, the years that turn Ravi from a questing, rebellious youth into a weary, middle-aged everyman. There is the discovery that the silken jackets they sell to a smart shop for eighty rupees a dozen retail at 125 rupees each. There are the ever-quarreling relatives who share the little house and do no work. There are babies, illnesses, and deaths. And always there are "the two imponderables that straddled most lives: whether one would earn, whether what one earned would keep pace with rising prices."

Always there is Ravi's own struggle with himself: the ambivalence that traps him continually between innate decency and an impotent rage at the circumstances of life; the desire and need for money that lead him again and again back to Damodar; the conscience that forces him to reject Damodar's offers of help.

"If one works one ought to be able to live, it isn't too much to expect, is it?" Ravi asks Damodar, and one can almost hear, in another continent, the question phrased: "If one is good one ought to be able to be happy, it isn't too much to expect, is it?" It is for this extra dimension, as well as for its intimate picture of Indian city life, that *A Handful of Rice* is one of Miss Markandaya's finest creations.

Cradle to Grave: According to the dust jacket for Charlotte Armstrong's *I See You* (Coward-McCann, $4.50) these nine stories by the "queen of suspense novelists" form an "intriguing pattern that portrays the seven ages of man, or woman, beginning with infancy and ending with old age." They range from an effective impressionistic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depiction of a very young child's horror when confronted by a circus clown ("It raised sharp triangles of red-and-blue brows and it breathed, and it boomed, while he screamed his mortal terror of what was so grotesquely an exaggeration and a contradiction of much that he had learned to trust") to the reflections of the elderly lady of the title story, who, confined to an old folks' home, experiences an epiphany that enables her to contemplate old age with equanimity and humor.

In between there are "Miss Murphy," with its description of the confrontation between a spinster schoolteacher and a group of high-school toughs, one of the few of Miss Armstrong's stories that attains convincing psychological depth and breadth; "The Enemy," a sentimentalized account of a small-town curmudgeon who is unjustly accused of the murder of a dog, and "Motto Day," a moving if overlong portrayal of a blind man's rehabilitation.

Miss Armstrong spins a good yarn, and her subject matter is usually significant; her development of it, however, tends to be superficial, contrived, oversimplified, or saccharine. As an admirer of her suspense novels, it pains me to say that most of these pieces seldom rise above the level of competent ladies' magazine fiction. Her prose, too, is occasionally embarrassing, cliché-ridden ("a face brown as a nut and wrinkled as a prune [with] white eyebrows as saucy as a cat's whiskers"), or marred by annoying stylistic tricks.

—William Peden.

Diggers and Detectives: On the arch of Titus in Rome is sculptured a representation of the Menorah, the seven-branched gold candlestick which the conqueror bore back to Italy from the Temple in Jerusalem in the year 70—or thought he did. But Israeli Professor Agrot had his doubts. He therefore enlisted the services of Caspar Laing, English don and dedicated Semitic scholar, to look into matters on the home ground.

And so to Jerusalem, where the King David Hotel and the YMCA confront each other in amity, and thence to the Sea of Galilee, where native fishermen prosecute their affairs in outboard motor boats. You visit the Nazareth police station in line of duty. You exercise prickly caution on lethal frontiers. The essential historical, social, political, and religious background is effectively and painlessly summarized for your better understanding without detriment to the story. The *mise-en-scène* is obviously based on first hand observation, but *The Menorah Men* (Harper & Row, $5.95) is far from being a fictionized documentary; Lionel Davidson is too sound a craftsman for that.

Caspar Laing himself tells the story, which speedily develops into a top-drawer thriller. In the first chapter, however, Caspar is presented to us (by himself, of course) as a male-bitchy type who inevitably rubs the reader the wrong way; but once he settles down to working on a scroll fragment in Greek characters written backward (there is quite a traffic in scroll fragments, by the way) and grubbing around in a Dead Sea mountain cave which bats have infested for uncountable centuries, he becomes distinctly bearable.

Laing is startled, and so will the reader be, to find that his assistant on his archeological safari is to be a Yemenite girl who is a lieutenant in the Israeli army. He protests with a fine show of indignation and irritation: "I took it my mate would be a man and that I'd be sharing a tent with him." There would have been room for more story if she had remained with her platoon.

The pace eases off slightly toward the end, but paces do that in life oftener than they do in fiction, and here the letdown tends to certify the verisimilitude of the adventure. That is as it should be, for *The Menorah Men* is an adventure story in the classic tradition.

—John T. Winterich.

SPAIN 1808-1939

By Raymond Carr. A broad survey of the economic, social, and political origins of modern Spain. The author focuses on the failure of Spanish liberalism, a failure which is explained partly in terms of a peculiar tradition of military revolution, partly in terms of the pace of economic development and social change. Volume X in *The Oxford History of Modern Europe. 8 maps.* $12.50

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

Hawthorne's Psychological Themes

By Frederick C. Crews. The author "offers his own serious Freudian approach to the interpretation of Hawthorne's tales and romances as well as a forthright attack on the entrenched Hawthorne specialists. . . . It should create an important turning point in the study of Hawthorne's ambiguous art." — *Book Week* $6.75

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THE NATURE OF NARRATIVE

By Robert Scholes *and* Robert Kellogg. "Here is a book whose daring scope and principles release literary criticism from one of its more stifling and intolerant notions, the concept of the novel as the *summum bonum* of narrative art. . . . a critical breakthrough which will permanently alter our understanding and evaluations of narrative art."

— *Virginia Quarterly Review* $7.00

THE COLLOQUIAL STYLE IN AMERICA

By Richard Bridgman. "A highly specialized linguistic, grammatical, and rhetorical study . . . an important insight into the history of American fiction." — *Saturday Review.* "No student of American literature should miss this largely pioneer study. . . . goes far to demonstrate why Americans write like Americans." — John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate* $6.50

T.L.S. 4

Essays and Reviews from The Times Literary Supplement 1965. Like the earlier volumes — of one of which Martin Seymour-Smith wrote in the *Birmingham Post* "responsibility and intelligence are the keynote of this collection, even where it provokes" — this will provide an invaluable critical record of 1965's important books. $10.00

REFRACTIONS

Essays in Comparative Literature

By Harry Levin. "He is nothing if not critical, but also the broadest of scholars, the most flexible, always impeccably informed, always generous and urbane. . . . There is no suspicion of pedantry or of classroom rhetoric in these pieces, however precise in their method and learning they may be. The reader wonders at the critic's range and at his ingenious marshalling of facts . . . He learns, he understands better, and he becomes more sensitive and deeper." — Henri Peyre, *Virginia Quarterly Review* $7.50

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Freedom: Nixon

Continued from page 13

determination by society that the recipient must enjoy a maximum freedom of expression to serve society effectively; and, two, a respect by society for the judgment of the particular group, a confidence on the part of society that the privilege will not be seriously abused.

I believe that academic freedom in the United States is now so strongly supported that it will never be destroyed by its enemies—but it may be endangered by those who claim to be its friends.

Teachers must, of course, be free to take positions on all issues. But the position they hold in our society requires them to act with self-restraint. To illustrate that point, let me turn to the controversy that developed when a Rutgers professor declared that he would welcome a victory for the Vietcong over our forces in Vietnam. The question at issue is—what limits, if any, should be placed on academic freedom during wartime?

War is the most difficult test of a nation. It tests a nation's military preparedness, the productivity of its economy, the courage of its people, the strength of its institutions of freedom. In every war in which America has been engaged in this century we have had the same difficult question—how can we defend freedom abroad without denying freedom at home? Landmark cases in the Supreme Court have dealt with this problem. America's greatest jurists have often been divided deeply and sometimes bitterly on where to draw the line between freedom and security.

The war in Vietnam presents this problem in even more difficult terms. Like the war in Korea, it began without a formal declaration of war approved by the Congress. There is confusion and uncertainty as to what America's war goals are. This is the first war in America's history in which a President has been unable to unite his own party behind the war. This is America's first foreign war in which our European allies have not only refused to assist us in fighting the enemy, but have continued to aid the enemy by trading with him.

In the light of these circumstances, to what extent should academic freedom protect those who protest the war effort? I do not agree with those who would curtail the right of dissent on our college and university campuses on the ground that such demonstrations give aid and comfort to the enemy. I do not question the patriotism of the protestors. I do not question their academic freedom to be against war, to be against this war, to be against the way this war is conducted, to be against the inequities in the draft. I believe also that academic freedom should protect the right of a professor or student to advocate Marxism, Socialism, Communism, or any other minority viewpoint—no matter how distasteful to the majority—provided he does so openly and is not in violation of the law.

But there is a far more difficult question: Should academic freedom protect a professor when he uses the forum of a state university to welcome victory for the enemy in a war in which the United States is engaged? I know that in answering "no" to that question I am expressing disagreement with a great many students and teachers. However, since academic freedom includes the right to espouse an unpopular cause, let me tell you how I reached this conviction.

To those who would welcome victory for the enemy I respectfully suggest that they do not know the enemy. I am convinced that victory for the enemy in South Vietnam would mean not only the blotting out of freedom for 15,000,000 South Vietnamese but an immense escalation of the danger of World War III. I am convinced that history will record that what many believe to be a "quicksand war" was the war that had to be fought to prevent World War III.

In the light of these convictions I could not take the more expedient course of refusing to comment on a point of such importance. I believe that any teacher who uses the forum of a university to proclaim that he welcomes victory for the enemy in a shooting war crosses the line between liberty and license. If we are to defend academic freedom from encroachment we must also defend it from its own excesses.

Examine the spectrum of freedom. At one extreme is anarchy—too much freedom, where nobody is really free at all. At the other end of the spectrum is tyranny—the totalitarian state which stresses order to the exclusion of personal liberty. In the center is limited freedom, with its very limits posing a kind of defense perimeter against the extremes of anarchy and tyranny.

Here at the points of contact—on the defense perimeter of freedom—is the area of the most difficult choice. It is easy enough to avoid the choice, to try to escape the tensions along the perimeter by advocating the extreme positions of total control or no control. The simple answers, the easy solutions, lead to the simple and easy destruction of liberty. The hard choices, the delicate balances along the perimeter of limited freedom, are the ones each of us must face. Not one of us will be right in his choice every time—but we will always be right to face the hard choices of where to draw the line. Most members of the academic community agree that a line must be drawn somewhere.

I submit that no one person, and no

"I only hope it's a just and lasting peace."

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single group, has the right or the power to draw that line by itself. Only through the interplay of free discussion can a balance be struck, with each of us willing to speak out on our interpretation of the line that not only limits—but defends—academic freedom.

When the American experiment in government began two centuries ago, it was predicted that all order would disappear under the strain of our drastic guarantees of freedom. The expectation of our collapse can be traced to the basic belief that freedom and order are mutually exclusive. The wisdom of our people to limit freedom so as to ensure freedom has kept our nation strong.

This is the paradox of our government. For as we criticize, debate, and disagree, in the final analysis we must support the actions taken by our duly elected representatives. We cannot, for instance, refuse to pay our taxes if we disagree with the law that imposes them or the purposes for which they are used; we cannot refuse to enroll in Social Security or evade jury duty; and, should our government decide to wage war, we may criticize that decision, we may try to convince others of its inadvisability, we may even call for a change in leadership; but we should not root for the other side; we should not refuse to participate if called; we should not create the impression abroad that our government has been deserted by its people.

We must demonstrate to the world that while among ourselves we speak with many voices, we are as one; that even though we may disagree with our government we still do not support the enemy; that although we may not agree with the decision to wage war, we will not publicly pray for the defeat of our country, we will not give active assistance to the other side, we will not refuse to serve in our country's armed services; that instead, we will confine our opposition to those avenues provided by the system itself—criticism, demonstrations, and elections.

A generation has passed since President Roosevelt spoke of the Four Freedoms. Despite three major wars since then, the world is still not free from fear or from want, and millions of human beings are still denied the freedom to speak and to worship as they choose. Let us hope that the Four Academic Freedoms, in this coming generation, will fare better. For students, the freedom to challenge myths and the freedom to debate; for teachers, the freedom to responsibly express unpopular points of view; for both student and teacher, freedom from tyranny by the other.

On this we can all agree: The more the academic freedoms deepen and spread their roots, the greater are the world's chances to achieve all the other basic human freedoms.

Freedom: Commager

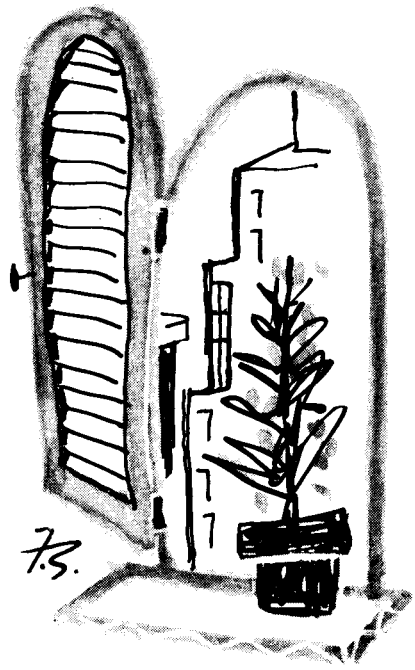
Continued from page 15

those Southerners who, in the crisis of 1861, rejected the claims of Southern unity and preferred instead to go against the stream of public opinion and stand by the Union, deserve only obloquy? Are they prepared to say that Germans who revolted against the iniquities of the Nazi government and sought to overthrow Hitler were traitors and deserve the detestation of mankind? Do they really think that the only test of true patriotism is support of a government, no matter what it does?

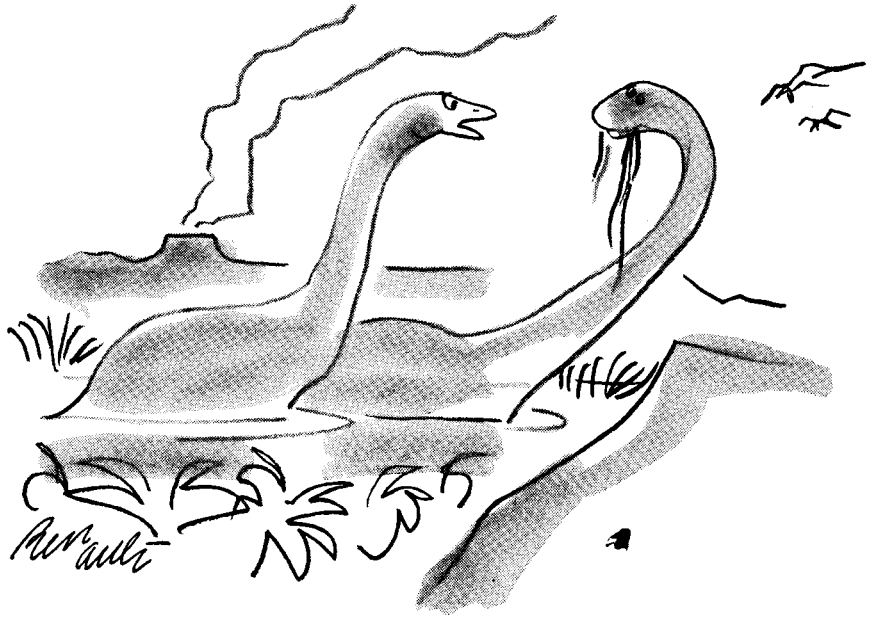
These considerations go far beyond the confines of the academy, but they bear with special force on the academy. For the university has a special obligation to act as the critic and the conscience of society. Society has indeed created it to play this role. It has said to the scholars who constitute the academy:

"It is your business to think and investigate and fearlessly to announce your findings. It is your business to be independent and scientific and impersonal, to stand aside from the awful pressures of public opinion and of interest, the persuasive pressures of nationalism and the compelling pressures of patriotism, and consider scientifically the validity of what your society does. It is your business to study politics and economy and history as scientists study physics and astronomy and geology. It is your business to look and to think far ahead, to look not to the immediate effects but the ultimate consequences of conduct.

"We require you, therefore, if you would not betray your historic function, to avoid all that is merely parochial, all that is interested, all that is prejudiced.



We require you to avoid the temptation to serve those who may suppose themselves your masters, and devote your affluent talents to your true masters—the whole of society, the whole of humanity, the great community of learning, the sacred cause of truth. In order that you may do this we give you the precious boon of independence which is academic freedom. We know that some of you will abuse this independence, that some of you will fail to use it in the larger service of mankind, and that many of you will be mistaken in your findings. These are chances we are willing to take because we know that if we do not protect those whose task it is to search out truth, we may fall into irreparable error and thus lose everything that we hold dear."



"I forget, are we mesozoic or are we cenozoic?"

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There Are Other Festivals

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONT.

IF THERE CAN BE more than twenty festivals grinding out Shakespearean productions each summer, it seems only fair that there be one devoted to staging the works of George Bernard Shaw. It is pleasant, therefore, to discover hidden away in this charming Canadian town across the border from Buffalo, New York, a Shaw Festival that has been quietly going on for the past four summers.

The theater is a converted old courthouse seating approximately 300 persons, and this year it has been sold out nightly for its three productions, *Man and Superman*, *Misalliance*, and *The Apple Cart*. In the latter, the leading roles are being played by two extraordinary performers, Paxton Whitehead and Zoe Caldwell.

Mr. Whitehead is the ideal Shavian. As King Magnus, Shaw's imaginary monarch of the future, he is asked to deliver lengthy speeches about the complexities of politics that in lesser hands could become pedantic. However, he possesses both a sharpness of mind that makes the complexities clear, and a passion for the true wonder of the world that is warmly contagious. He begins with some marvelously sophisticated rejoinders that gently defeat the slower-thinking people around him. Humorously devastating is his reply to the cabinet for whom he must serve as a figurehead. "If you may flourish your thunderbolts, why may I not shoulder my little popgun of a veto?" he asks in a tone that is both cutting and forlorn. Most important of all in this play, in which the king must use every bit of his own resourcefulness to defeat a prime minister who seems to hold all the cards, is the air of self-confidence Whitehead sustains—a faith that he will always have something in reserve with which to win the day.

As the king's mistress, Orinthia, Miss Caldwell fashions a superb comic portrait of female vanity. She is triumphant as she sneers at another woman for being so bourgeois as to "trot through the streets *shopping*." She is glorious as she exults, "Thank God my self-consciousness is something nobler than vulgar conceit in having *done* something." And she tops it all regally in a rowdily passionate forgetting of her elegance to wrestle the king to the floor of her boudoir.

Is Miss Caldwell, who won a Tony for a similarly comic performance in *Slapstick Tragedy* on Broadway last season, overdoing the absurdity a little? Perhaps. However, here it entertains highly without really hurting this fanciful play. Since next summer she is scheduled to play another selfish mistress, Cleopatra, to Christopher Plummer's Antony at Stratford, Ontario, it will be interesting to see if she is able to combine high comedy and deep emotion in a role that has confounded many great actresses.

While Miss Caldwell and Whitehead make *The Apple Cart* truly memorable, director Edward Gilbert and a fine company contribute, too. As Boanerges, the self-made labor leader, Henry Ramer is gruffly hilarious when he boasts, "No king on earth is as safe in his job as a trade union official." Patrick Boxill's frustrated prime minister is amusing when he cannily complains that the king sabotages their decrees by unrolling the manuscript and winking. And Sheila Haney is boisterously merry as Amanda, the cabinet minister who can beat any opponent by mimickry and community sings.

The play seems to slow up a bit in the final scene, in which Shaw predicts that the most damaging thing to the British Empire would be for the United States to join it. Although this draws applause from the primarily Canadian audience here, it emerges as less the dramatic bombshell than it should be. Possibly this is because the brilliance of the production's first two acts is hard to match. Indeed, it makes this Shaw Festival a delightful alternative to the dutiful sitting through for the tenth time of a play by Shakespeare.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ANOTHER alternative to the steady diet of classical plays that the American resident theaters predominantly offer is this summer's presentation of four professional American premieres at New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre.

The Long Wharf's artistic director, Jon Jory, and its executive director, Harlan P. Kleiman, who since their theater's opening last summer have proved their skill by achieving a 99.1 per cent sold-out season of twelve proved plays, both felt that they should encourage today's unestablished playwrights as well. Since it is the sad fact of resident-company operation that its audiences do not support new works, the Long Wharf sought and received a $50,000 grant from the National Council on the Arts. This grant, one of sixteen made to resident professional companies this year, did not specify how the money should be used.

The four works presented for two weeks each were David Kranes's bill of two one-act plays, *One Right After the Other*; Gladden Schrock's *The Green Lute*; a musical by Jerry Blatt called *Thumby*; and British playwright John Arden's *The Happy Haven*.

The latter had seemed a most appropriate choice for this theater, because Mr. Arden had stipulated that it be done on a stage surrounded on three sides by the audience. And since Messrs. Kleiman and Jory had, at a cost of $125,000, converted a section of the new Long Wharf market building into a 441-seat, three-sided arena, it seemed like a natural consummation.

While guest director Douglas Seale has faithfully followed Arden's directions, which include dressing the aged inmates of a British old people's home in *commedia dell'arte* masks, the play emerges as a labored, fitfully effective caprice. It starts off promisingly, with Nicholas Kepros giving us a deft parody of a British doctor who is a complete master of the art of being selfishly inhumane under the guise of joviality and official singsong. Promising, too, is our introduction to the old inmates, with David Bird's two-cane skipping-walk nicely catching the flavor of one afflicted old man.

But perhaps the comic frame and the artificiality of the masks put the audience in the wrong mood for what is to come. The petty, senile antics of the inmates are neither very funny nor do they endear us to them as suffering human beings. For two long acts they merely offer us a tiresome demonstration of their cantankerousness. True, there is a plot about the doctor's plan to use an inmate's pet dog in his experiments, but it all seems grotesque and chaotic. Finally, in the third act the play pulls together somewhat as the patients unite to outwit the doctor's plan to give them a youth-restoring elixir he has invented. They have discovered that they don't want to be young again, and turn the tables on the doctor by merrily administering an anal infusion of the elixir to its inventor.

What the production here fails to achieve is that very difficult thing, the combining of joke, song, and crude reality into a haunting experience. This is the way Arden writes and the way we must appreciate him, if we are to do so. It is possible, of course, that *The Happy Haven* is just a bad play. Yet because there are in it a number of moments that emerge with a hint of unrealized splendor, one suspects the production is at fault. This is unfortunate, for the failure of *The Happy Haven* may disenchant the New Haven audience with the staging of new works here. If so, the right idea will have had the wrong effect.

—HENRY HEWES.

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The Fourth Network

DANIEL H. OVERMYER, who recently announced plans to launch a fourth commercial television network bearing his own name (The Overmyer Network), says that he will spend $6,000,000 to $10,000,000 of his own money to begin operations in September 1967. Almost $7,000,000 are presumably already committed to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for coaxial cable and microwave relay services connecting the ON stations for one year. The remainder of the initial investment will defray costs of administration and program development.

The forty-one-year-old chairman of the board of the new network (he operates the nation's largest chain of warehouses in fifty-five cities) hopes eventually to have ON on the air twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. He says he will begin next year with eight hours of programing each day. He has arranged with United Press International for several daily news feeds to his stations, but he has announced specific plans for only one regular entertainment program—a five-night-a-week, late-evening, two-hour variety show from Las Vegas hotels.

A prominent broadcaster who is accustomed to dealing with television's galactic expenditures commented that the new applicant for membership in the Sarnoff-Paley-Goldenson club is rather unorthodox in his strategy. The conventional way to start a network is to spend significant amounts of money developing product (programs), then to go out and buy AT&T services linking the stations that will carry them. The warehouse tycoon, who is also plunging into the building of six new UHF stations around the country (he already owns one now on the air in Toledo), asserts that he built his fortune by doing the unexpected. A novice at the dangerous game of telebrinkmanship (he admits that he's only just learning the meaning of "cost per thousand homes"), he smiles confidently and says to skeptics who wish him well but fear he may be a truck rolling down a hill without brakes: "Wait and see."

He's making his move too early, say the Thomases. There's not enough UHF set saturation in the major markets. Where will he get his programing to compete with the established nets, etc.? Even a year from going on the air, however, the new communicator is exerting force on the television industry. ABC and CBS, alert to the competitive potential of Overmyer's promised late-evening Las Vegas show, are busy planning post-news network formats of their own, which will make three competitors to NBC's late-show Johnny Carson, who's been there all along. Joey Bishop is to be ABC's host; CBS is still auditioning.

The Overmyer Network, founded on UHF stations, plans to invite affiliates of the established networks to take the Las Vegas show—VHF's as well as UHF's. Why should they, ask the skeptics, when the affiliates can get what their own networks offer? Late-evening shows require a fresh approach, say some experts. Fine to have the William Morris talent agency provide the stars—but what's the format?

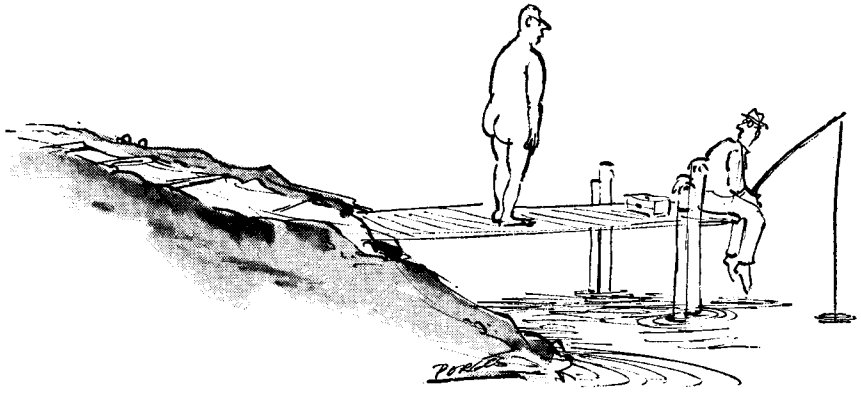
The Las Vegas problem is but one aspect of the total programing challenge faced by ON. Overmyer, in his formal announcement and in informal talks with the press, has genuflected ceremoniously to the shrine of "more public service programing to the nation." He has chided the networks for being "oriented to maximum profit"; for not telecasting the final performance of the Met at its old opera house; for treating viewers as "naïve and childlike." Oliver Treyz, new president of ON (he was formerly president of ABC Television), has mentioned "a thematic approach: have a comedy night, a night of game shows, a night of suspense programing, and a night of drama . . . motion pictures, possibly." Under the symbolic and ritual verbalization is the question, where will the money come from for bigtime product? To date, all UHF operations, even the better ones, have been characterized by programs that can be produced or bought at relatively low cost. Overmyer is the first entrepreneur to risk a heavy chunk of capital on one show—the Las Vegas variety program. If the dice roll favorably, if the show is a sell-out, he can parlay the winnings for the next phase, buy another big show, and so build in successful program blocs.

Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver, Jr., has said that he will lend a helping hand in the Overmyer Network programing (not the Las Vegas show). Mr. Treyz, when he headed ABC, "counter-programed" that network to its action-adventure period. Mr. Weaver, who captained NBC television in its earlier days, was responsible for permanently successful formats as well as many culturally oriented programs. The two men represent essentially different communication philosophies. Can they get along with each other—and with "the man who will make the policy," namely, Dan Overmyer?

If the first Las Vegas gamble pays off, Pat Weaver may have an opportu-

nity to produce and distribute to the fourth network programs that his fertile imagination has been devising since his unhappy experience with subscription television in California. The ON may offer time to more selective, national, institutional advertisers who wish to identify with their own quality programs rather than scatter their commercials through an indiscriminate schedule—or stay out of television altogether. If the crap table is unkind to the first roll, the chairman of the board may follow the alternate trail to a bargain-basement network. Or, in his unorthodox manner, he may just keep on pouring more millions into the programing breach ($100,000,000 is the sum he says he is prepared to lay on the line). After all, there's always more where that came from—in the warehouse.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



"This is a private pier."

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Just Folks

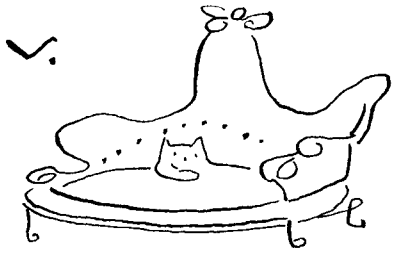
BILL NAUGHTON'S PLAY, *Alfie*, survived for only twenty performances when it was presented in New York, but its life would probably have been lengthier if the chief role of the Cockney seducer had been undertaken by Michael Caine. But the film version is now available—adapted by the playwright and directed by Lewis Gilbert—and, in it, Mr. Caine is, to put it bluntly, superb. Because of his performance the film glistens with distinction—so much so, that a couple of brief lapses in the direction that jar it out of key can be overlooked.

Michael Caine's acting abilities operate along subtle avenues. He is not overly intense, doesn't display much voice range, and seems to eschew flamboyance. What he does do is understand his character and pervade its enactment with a kind of ironic sympathy, and this is particularly important in the case of Alfie, who might have appeared to be somewhat loathsome otherwise. For Alfie is a heel. He has an insatiable need for sexual conquest, is unscrupulous about gaining his satisfactions, and won't tolerate any form of loving bondage, including, of course, marriage. In the film we see him run through a series of liaisons with attractive women. His sexual performances take place in a parked truck, on the bank of a river, in his own seedy little flat, in the gilded comfort of a rich woman's apartment. Meanwhile, he keeps himself afloat financially with jobs that range from chauffeuring a Rolls-Royce to taking pictures of passersby on the London streets.

Women are "birds" to Alfie, and he accumulates a rather pathetic aviary. One is a young married girl who cheats on her dullish husband; another is a pretty little hitchhiker from the provinces; and a third is the dowdy wife of his roommate in a sanatorium, where he sojourns for a time because of some shadows on his lung. But his sexual life is not all triumph, for his rich mistress (played convincingly by Shelley Winters) betrays him with a side-burned guitarist, and the dowdy lady becomes pregnant, necessitating a gruesomely unpleasant abortion in his own flat. The rake's progress is running downhill by the end of the film, but Alfie manages to be philosophical about it. He hasn't been trapped by domesticity, and he's still his own man. It is Caine's triumph that he not only makes Alfie believable but likable, less a cynic than a man reacting to a perplexing dilemma.

The director, though, apparently felt that the film was becoming too serious and that some farcical interludes were necessary. One of these involves Alfie's falling into a dead faint when he learns he is to be a tubercular patient, and the other is one of those long drawn-out and boring clobbering sessions in a pub. Both amount to artificial interruptions of a brilliantly sustained characterization.

THE universally admired Jeanne Moreau is not so fortunate in her role in *Mademoiselle*, an odd departure for Tony Richardson, who, without the slightest glance back at the wild humor of *Tom Jones* and *The Loved One*, has taken a weird screenplay by Jean Genet, set it in the French countryside, and given Miss Moreau the heavy task of portraying a prim schoolmistress whose suppressed sexuality is expressed in secret, nocturnal terrorizations of her village. She loosens floodgates, causing animals to drown, and sets fire to farmhouses and barns, then remains imperturbable when the wrong people are accused. Two of the wrong people are an itinerant Italian forester and his schoolboy son. Eventually the Italian (Ettore Manni) manages to quell the inner fires of the schoolmistress, after first intriguing her by allowing a snake to coil over their wrists, and later having her crawl toward him in a field at night, barking like a dog.



Mr. Richardson is poetically dreamy and dreadfully solemn as he unveils these purported mysteries of feminine sexuality, and, amazingly, Miss Moreau somehow preserves her essential dignity through it all. The film has occasional fascinations, but its revelations concerning the destructiveness of the sexually thwarted female come out part lurid sensationalism and part Krafft-Ebing case history. As for Genet's screenplay, it is hardly authoritative in its exploration of the female psyche.

Far less savory types are to be encountered in *The Wild Angels*, the latest work of Roger Corman, a producer-director respected in France, particularly for his devotion to films of shock and horror. Presumably having seen *Scorpio Rising*, Kenneth Anger's experimental film about leather-jacketed motorcyclists, Mr. Corman was moved to make a feature-length study of the creepy breed, employing in his film some of the original models, and also those offspring of screen nobility, Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra. Bereft of social purpose, satire, or meaning, *The Wild Angels* strings together such incidents as the invasion of a hospital and the rape of a Negro nurse, a gang fight, and an orgy in a church. American-International, the firm that commissioned this heady screen display, is now busily selling the cozy little film to the impressionable teen-agers of America and the world. Proudly, too.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

"Two next to a woman who is snarling back at Richard Burton."

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Marco Polo

By KENNETH REXROTH

ONE of the most obvious comparative doublets in all literature is *The Travels of Marco Polo* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan. One is an allegory that is a story of a journey through real life, and the other is the real-life narrative of a journey to the ends of the earth that is an archetype of all adventures of man into the unknown.

Like Bunyan, Marco Polo wrote, or rather dictated, his odyssey in prison. Unlike Bunyan's, it is a great literary achievement by a man who, if not forced into leisure and isolation, would probably not have written at all. Both were activists and they wrote the prose of men who act. Great poetry may or may not be emotion recollected in tranquillity, but most of the world's great prose is certainly action recollected in tranquillity.

Before the first dawn of the Renaissance, Marco Polo was already a man of the new age that was approaching its climax in the wars and revolutions of Bunyan's day. Marco Polo's youth overlapped the middle age of St. Thomas Aquinas by twenty years. Yet he wrote of a strange and often culturally antagonistic civilization with a scientific, dispassionate objectivity that would have been rare enough 600 or 700 years later. His writing has the matter-of-factness of a business letter, and is utterly unlike other medieval prose.

Marco Polo was certainly a bourgeois, but he came before the days when the middle class were revolutionaries. In his time they were merchant-adventurers. What is most impressive about Marco Polo is not that he found men in distant lands strange and their ways outlandish, but that he did not. Today the world teeters on the brink of extermination over differences that would have seemed to Marco Polo as trivial as they do now to an Eskimo or an aborigine. To him the court of the Great Khan was as understandable as were the activities of the Doge and Councils of Venice. He had what we have lost, an ecumenical mind, an international sensibility.

As medieval merchants, he and his father and uncle had the tolerance that comes from thinking of one world linked together by caravan journeys and sea voyages (some of them three years or more long), the tremendous civilizing force of business as business in the face of the most anomalous customs—the opposite of the ruthless destructiveness of trade, flag, and Bible in Victorian days. Few things shocked him, only cannibalism, temple prostitution, the hospitable sharing of wives and daughters with guests, but his outrage seems perfunctory. One suspects that he cheerfully took advantage of the latter two barbarities.

Of the tiny handful of travelers between China and Europe who have left records, the Polos are the only ones who were simply merchants and nothing else, yet they are the most famous. Had Marco Polo not been in prison we might know of him only through casual mentions in a few tattered Venetian documents or not at all. Yet the Polos must have been three of many more. The chance existence of Marco Polo's book makes us realize how much of the most important history happens and then is silent forever.

We are especially lucky that it was Marco Polo, a citizen of no mean city, who, of all the travelers of the Middle Ages, left us the most complete record. He was a merchant of Venice, a republic which did not need a bourgeois revolution but which, alone in the Western world—where feudalism would continue to hold sway in some places for another half millenium—kept alive the ancient Mediterranean city-state, the oligarchic commune of trader aristocrats, a form of society older than ancient Crete's, old before ever there was an Odysseus wandering the sea.

Thirteenth-century Venice was the only city in Western Europe that produced people who were receptive to the high culture of Yuan-Dynasty China. This was a period at least as civilized as our own. China was included in an empire which stretched eastward from Poland to the Yellow Sea and from Siberia to Mesopotamia, Persia, Burma, and Indochina. The Mongol empire was contemporary with the momentary achievement of an all-encompassing medieval synthesis in the West, the only time Europe would ever approach an international Christian civilization.

Marco Polo has been described as a human individual linking these two universalisms. He was something more and something less. His was the kind of mind to which words like "synthesis," "internationalism," and "eclecticism" were meaningless because they were taken totally for granted—the mind of the practical man. He did not become an exotic favorite of the Great Khan. He became a trusted administrator.

Practical or no, what tremendous exultation there is in Marco Polo's book! It is the first thrilling story of what even in our day is still the land of wonder: the oasis cities along the silk routes of inner Asia, each a complex little melting pot; the great provincial capitals of China, with their life of all-encompassing self-sufficiency, as though they were the only humans on the planet; all the glamour of the South Seas—pearls, spices, cannibals, and fabulously rich pirate kings.

Marco Polo was not only the first to record his travels into this world of adventure, and to open doors of commerce that swung shut again for centuries, but his book also opens into an immense literature. The fine travel tales of Sven Hedin, Aurel Stein, Paul Pelliot, Mrs. Bullock-Workman, Owen Lattimore, Henry Yule, Koslov, Rockhill, Sykes, Shipton, Irene Vonghen Vincent, William of Rubruck, Huc and Gabet, Desideri, all the Chinese travelers, and that great favorite of the Chinese theater, movies, and all Chinese children, that Arthur Waley translated as *Monkey*—these are a few books on Tibet and the inner-Asian frontiers of China that I remember, a few examples of what is one of the most absorbing of all forms of reading matter. Still, one of the most wonderful, and most accurate, is Marco Polo's little book, dictated in enforced idleness for the benefit of an unbelieving world, over six centuries ago.

The best edition with which I am familiar—and I say best because of editorial and translating reasons explained at length in the introduction—is Manuel Komroff's *The Travels of Marco Polo*, in the Modern Library. The best expansion and exegesis of Polo's account are the books by Henry Yule, his final edition with the third volume by Henri Cordier of the book itself, and supplementing it, *Cathay and the Way Thither*. There are many books on the Mongol Empire and a translation of *The Secret History of the Mongols*. The best modern historical and geographical work is Owen Lattimore's *Inner Asian Frontiers of China;* from the Chinese side, *On Yuan Chwang*, by Thomas Watters, and Arthur Waley's *The Real Tripitaka*. Beyond lies an almost limitless plenitude of vicarious adventure.

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In and Out with Art

AN UNEXPECTED juxtaposition of Victorian glass, Art Nouveau, pop art, and abstract expressionism can produce surprising correlations. Selected from the permanent collection of the Chrysler Museum in Provincetown, this unlikely combination has been installed there in a series of galleries on the first floor. These four movements span less than a century, but point up the cyclical counteractions and parallels that make art history.

First comes the Victorian glass, most of it from New England. This mad profusion of ever-ornamented, frowzy, multi-colored, technically sophisticated objects is in such lavish bad taste as to become at once the history of an era and yet a composite work of art. Dull taste is never more than dull, but recklessly bad taste often turns into art, especially when invention is rampant.

One need only glance at the fantastic excrescences with which New England craftsmen decorated useful objects to realize that these Victorian glass bowls, dishes, vases, bottles, containers, and chandeliers, at their most irrational, outpop pop, and even rival surrealism. Often in very high relief, prickly branches, luscious fruit, tangled leaves, rocks, and tree bark all seem to grow compulsively. Some pieces frankly imitate satin, some tortoise-shell, others evoke dazzling fake sunsets. Color can be meltingly sentimental or as astringent as op. That form should follow function was inconceivable to the Victorians. The more obsessive their search for novelty, the more explosive their final vision.

FROM Victorian glass to pop art is an easy transition, for the latter is also at its best when dealing with obsessive images. Moving from late nineteenth-century frills to contemporary conceits is accomplished at the Chrysler Museum without a jolt. Both schools, to be sure, show the same preoccupation with the object as a tangible fact and as the prime theme of life. And they both are at their most persuasive when the object takes on hallucinatory overtones, be it a bulging apple on a glass or a high-heeled shoe encrusted with tumor-like growths.

The shoe forms part of an environmental ensemble by Kusama, a young Japanese woman who lives in New York. Called *Ten Guest Table*, this large, padded still life, with its half-nightmarish, half-realistic anthropomorphic forms, is surrounded by a garden of multishaped macaroni, and by ten pairs of women's shoes that help explain the title. Nearby hangs a gold coat covered with bulbous fungi. No simple statement of fact, this unlikely assemblage invests familiar objects with delusive associations. Vaguely menacing, it vacillates between unreasonable growth and inexorable decay, between fantasy and fact, for one can but presume the guests are as diseased and empty as their shoes.

Though all the customary pop artists are included at the Chrysler, it is Yoshima, yet another Japanese from New York, who impressed me with a large coffin-like box, its lid partly open and filled with rattling pebbles (or could they be bones?). Environmental works such as this scarcely lend themselves to home consumption, nor to public buildings where they could seem over-personal. However, in occasional museum encounters, they can be highly evocative.

More amenable to daily use, but no less hypnotic, is a small early work by Marisol called *Leo Castelli's Dog*. How much Marisol has sacrificed to her recent insistence on multiple, over-elaborated self-portraits is evident here, for only a few years ago she managed to make one little animal run the gamut of

"Loie Fuller" (Art Nouveau lamp)

"Mushroom Overcoat," by Kusama

—*Photos by Craig.*

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emotions, from lascivious nastiness to puppy-like innocence. The dog has all the compulsive intensity of a primitive amulet. With both pop and Victorian art, it is visual surprises that first attract us, but later only strong associative images hold our attention by producing more than momentary shocks.

In a succeeding gallery, several abstract expressionist canvases are the antithesis of everything that Victorian and pop art stand for, and, indeed, are the very spark that ignited pop's rebellion. *Zinc Yellow*, a painting by Franz Kline, spreads open to let in light and space, or, better, to become light and space. No finite image, invented or naturalistic, dominated this artist's brush. The painting itself is the object. While the abstract expressionists tried to escape from the materialism of their world, the pop artists accepted it as a *fait accompli*.

Three canvases by Hans Hofmann, two of them major works, remind one of the long productive years he spent in Provincetown. Less concerned with space than with blazing color and blinding light his work epitomizes Cape Cod. To look out any window at the Chrysler Museum and watch the sun streaking over a restless sea is to understand Hofmann better. Wisely realizing that changing light and color can never be reproduced, he developed his own way of paraphrasing these illusions. Unlike the impressionists, he did not suggest atmospheric effects; instead he aroused the emotions that such effects induce.

And finally there is Art Nouveau, full of swirling botanical marvels and curvilinear lilting ladies. More knowingly designed than the Victorian art it came from and reacted against, Art Nouveau depended on strong linear rhythms, on symbolic content, and on the ornamental influence of growing plants. From the Chrysler Show, I remember with pleasure a bentwood chaise longue by Thonet, as supple as a curving reed, as elegant as a fashionable *fin-de-siècle* silhouette. And I am still haunted by a gold lamp representing Loie Fuller at her most sinuous. With exaggerated flowing robes whipping around her, she becomes the distillation of all willowy womanhood. Hidden within her floating draperies is an electric light bulb, the only indication that this romantic sculpture was intended as a useful object.

Art Nouveau denied the materialism that the Victorian tradition embraced, precisely as abstract expressionism tried to escape the materialism that pop art celebrates. What the Chrysler installation reveals, *par excellence*, is the inevitable sequence of acceptance and repudiation that orders the course of art. Also clear is how insistently art grows from and reacts against art and life—the two sources on which it feeds.

—Katharine Kuh.

Chess Corner — No. 105

THOUGH BLACK is always a tactical move behind White in the opening, he has quite a few ways to take over the psychological initiative. He can do this by injecting into the supposedly routine debut an unexpected move. Faced with the novelty, White is apt to mismanage its nuances.

In the game below, played in the Oak Memorial Tournament of California between S. Rains and S. Parker, Black varies from the normal routine, playing 2 . . . N-KB3, instead of the usual 2 . . . N-QB3. This leads to a bizarre turn.

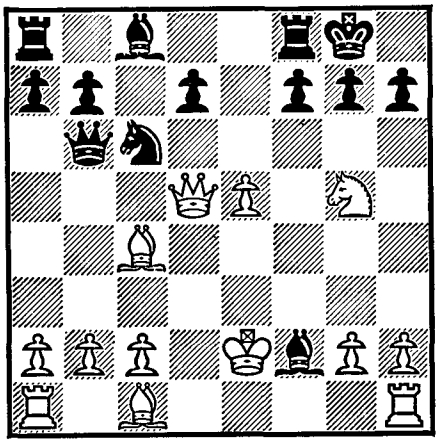
SICILIAN DEFENSE

Rains White	Parker Black	Rains White	Parker Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	6 NxN	PxN
2 N-KB3	N-KB3	7 PxP	BxP
3 P-K5	N-Q4	8 QxP	Q-N3
4 N-B3	P-K3	9 B-QB4	BxPch
5 P-Q4	N-QB3	10 K-K2	O-O

Black sacrificed a Pawn; White accepted and returned it to maintain his lead in development. But White's King is prodded into a sense of insecurity.

11 N-N5 . . . . .

Impetuously attempting to exploit his superior development. Correct is 11 R-B1 with additional pressure on Black's vulnerable KB2.



11 . . . . . B-R5?

Black misses his chance. He has a sockdolager in 11 . . . P-Q3. Then 12 NxBP, B-K3!! 13 QxB?, N-Q5ch, winning the Queen.

12 B-K3	QxP	15 N-R6ch	K-R1
13 NxBP	QxPch	16 QR-KB1	B-B3
14 B-Q2	N-K2	17 N-B7ch	K-N1
18 N-R6ch		Drawn	

In the final position, White need not accept a draw as he enjoys winning chances. E.g., 18 . . . K-R1 19 N-B7ch, K-N1 20 Q-Q3. White will recover at least a Pawn, retaining a passed Pawn. Black's debut surely led to sharp play.

—Al Horowitz.

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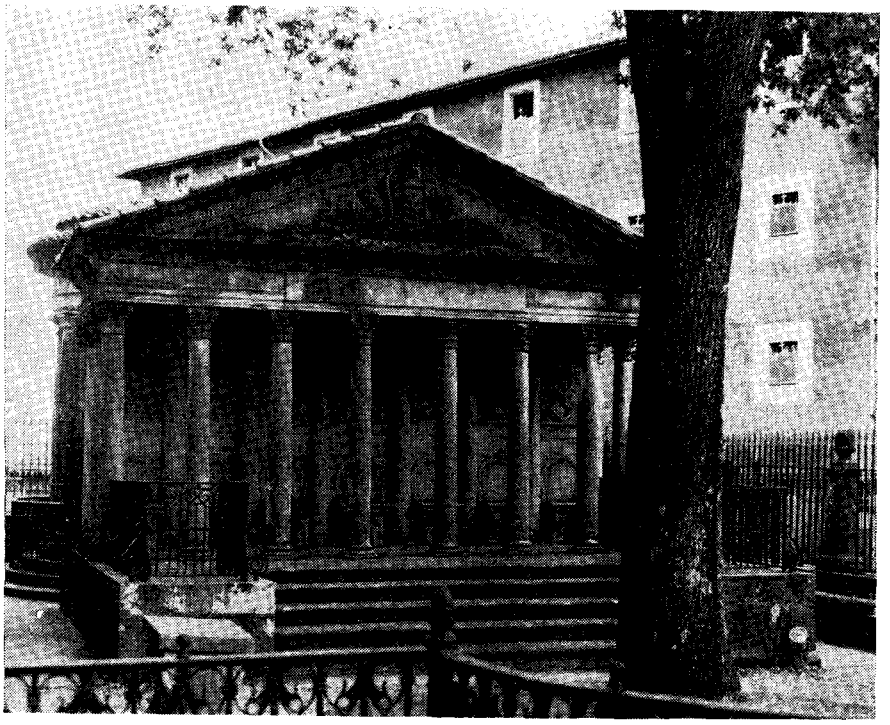
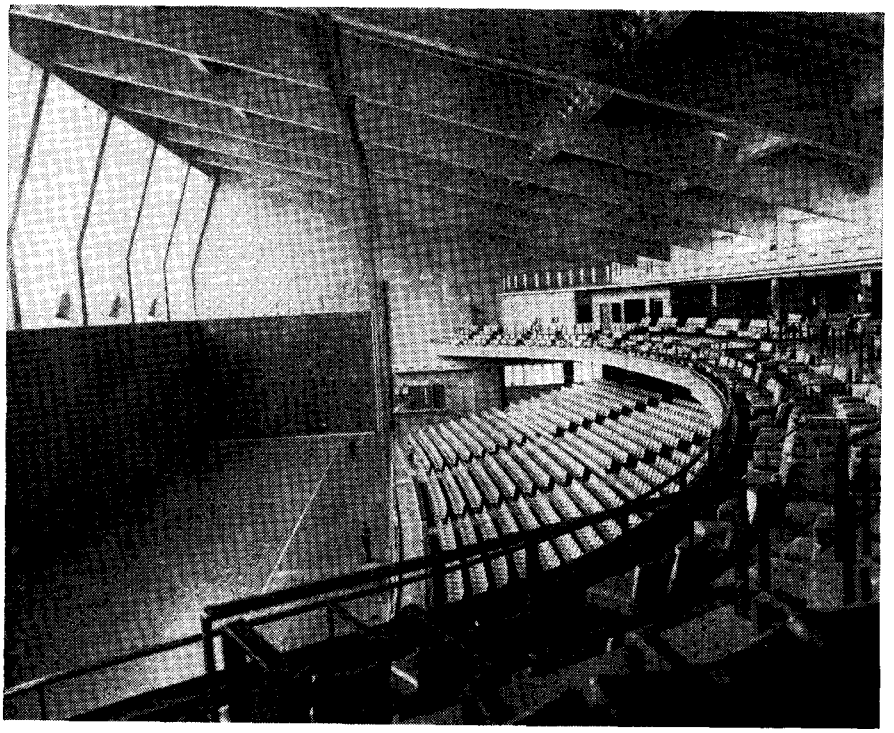
In a Little Spanish Town



—*Spanish National Tourist Office.*

The Casa Consistorial in Guernica—a town where the Nazis and Basques made history.



—*Spanish National Tourist Office.*

Guernica's *jai alai* Courts—"The tourist or even the outsider is a rarity."

GUERNICA, SPAIN.

THE BUS to Guernica leaves four times a day from the port city of Bilbao. It passes through the Biscayan countryside, which is rugged, rocky, and green. Braces of oxen move in the hilly fields, and everywhere there are apple trees which produce the small, sweet fruit used to make *sidra*, the drink of the Basques that predates the arrival of the Roman legions. Small industry and family-owned sawmills motivate the neat towns along the way where the ancient language Euskara is still spoken. The bus stops for less than a minute in Guernica in front of a store that sells American automobile tires.

The town is clean and prosperous. The pace of the day is drearily akin to that in an American town of the same size. In a small bookstore a Christmas card salesman is showing his new line of Santas and Nativity scenes to the indifferent proprietor. There are several movie theaters, a new *jai alai* fronton, a few restaurants, a hotel, and even a *salon de fiestas*—a nightclub.

Guernica is best seen from a small road leading up from the center of the town to an even smaller village, Luño. The steep road is bordered by pine groves, small farms, orchards, and fields of Queen Anne's lace and mint. The town lies along the banks of the Guernica estuary, and is marked by slender smokestacks of small industry and dominated by a cathedral, which was once a stop for the pilgrims taking the northerly route to the resting place of St. James at Santiago de Compostela.

Two events have made Guernica unique among the towns of its size in Spain. The first was the codification of the rights or *fueros* of the Basques in the fourteenth century. This provided a liberal set of laws based on the concepts of "freedom and liberty." Guernica has since been the sacred home and the rallying point for the Spanish Basque—the embodiment of the spirit of individual rights among one of the oldest peoples in Europe. The symbol of these rights and traditions is an oak tree, known simply as the tree of Guernica: Under this tree every monarch of Spain had to sit and affirm that he would recognize these rights. The original oak is long dead, but its descendant stands in front of the house of *juras* in Guernica, and others have been planted in Basque settlements as far away as Buenos Aires. In the Basque provinces the tree is found carved into everything from tombstones to farm implements.

The second event occurred on a market day, Monday, April 27, 1937, during the Spanish Civil War: Waves of Nazi Heinkel and Junker aircraft suddenly appeared out of the clouds and attacked the defenseless town. Guernica burned for days, and when the count was taken

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more than a thousand people were dead. For the Condor Legion it was the first experiment with the blitz aimed at demoralizing a civilian population.

The incendiary bomb and low-level strafing proved most effective. People throughout the world were shocked. Condemnation was voiced in Congress and Parliament, and artists concerned themselves with the event in poems, plays, and paintings. Pablo Picasso was soon working on his black, white, and gray masterpiece *Guernica*. Thus, the name "Guernica" has come to mean many things to many people, and the very name of the town still carries with it a varied assortment of emotional responses. It is a condition brought about not only by the act itself, but by the eloquence of the pamphleteers of the time, the power of Picasso's work, and to some extent by the strangely evocative characteristic of the noun "Guernica."

These two circumstances in the history of this town of 7,000 are both, in their separate ways, among past events that the government in Madrid would like to forget. The codification of rights is part of the tradition of individual freedom and Basque nationalism, neither of which the Franco regime has recognized, much less allowed. Recollection of the Nazi attack is intolerable to a government that would like us to believe that the only interventionists in the Civil War were Reds, and the only Germans of consequence in modern Spain have been tourists on the Costa Brava. Recalling the attack, one must infer either that Franco's nationalists were accomplices of their German allies or that they were unable to control the Nazis in Spain. The official attitude since 1937 has been to obfuscate the events.

With Spain attracting millions of tourists, many have traveled through the Basque country; San Sebastian has always been a leading resort, and the beaches and small villages of the Cantabrian coast have been recent discoveries of the jet age. Yet the tourist or even the outsider is a rarity in Guernica. The town by all rights should be a spot to which the tourist is attracted. Besides the tree, the cathedral, the museum, the house of *juras*, the *jai alai*, and the annual festivals, it is also near the beautiful beaches of the north coast, and only a few kilometers from a cave where one of man's earliest paintings still survives, unspoiled by the ages.

Despite Guernica's attractions, the government seems to prefer to keep it out of tourist itineraries. "The General Road Map of Spain," available in all Spanish tourist offices, omits Guernica but includes surrounding villages such as Plencia (2,000) and Lequeitio (5,000). (Several other official tourist maps do show the town, however.) Another publication on the Cantabrian coast tells of small villages nearby but nothing of Guernica. In contrast, the French Michelin road map and guide to Spain give Guernica coverage commensurate with its historical importance.

Hints to Guernica's existence have been eliminated in other quarters. The Street of the Tree of Guernica in San Sebastian has been renamed. The movie *To Die in Spain* (Spain's answer to *To Die in Madrid*) only alludes to Guernica in the form of a road sign as Franco's troops move north. The French production, which was not shown in Spain, gives a full account of the attack on Guernica.

THE subject of Guernica and its traditions once generated a great deal of scholarly enthusiasm. The Provincial Library in Bilbao yields dozens of pre-1937 material on the subject, but none on the years since. The book *Guernica*, published in Bilbao in 1938, is absent from the libraries in Bilbao, San Sebastian, and Guernica. It contains an eyewitness account of the attack by a young priest, Alberto de Onadaria. Spanish books on Picasso that discuss *Guernica* deal in symbols and techniques without reference to the event that inspired the work.

The town is equally without reminders. There is no Street of General Franco; no graves with incriminating dates; none of the eternal flames, wreaths, or monuments common to Civil War sites; no Square of Liberation; and nothing is named after General Mola, "the Liberator of the North." The only marker in the town is a small tablet on the side of the cathedral naming a handful of nationalist troops killed in a mopping-up action in the region.

It takes some searching to find any remaining scorch marks or plastered-up bullet holes, reminders of the day of the blitz. Everything is new—civil buildings, squares, park benches, arcades, and the new "old" marketplace where the bombing was most intense. The eagle of Spain carved into the side of the city hall betrays its age by holding the yoke and arrows of the Franco government.

Spanish history books give many accounts of what happened in 1937. The destroyers of the town are variously referred to as "Red technicians," "Basque nationalists," "Austrian dynamiters," and "Red militiamen." *The Encyclopedia Universal* writes of a "population totally destroyed by the fires and explosives of the Reds." In 1965, a history of the war appeared blaming the attack on the Nazis—a significant break save for the fact that most of the other versions are still in print.

In the presence of all of these determined efforts to forget and obscure Guernica and its place in history live a people who still look upon the town as sacred. Guernicans and Basques, in general, are not loath to speak about the attack. They seem coldly interested in the future and in prosperity, but also warmly interested in tradition or the lack of it. Above all there is the awareness of being Basque.

Guernica is still the birthright of the Basque child just as Washington is that of the American. Its very existence is evidence that the Basques will never be completely assimilated by the Spanish. The two moments of history that have made Guernica famous are so dramatic in terms of unfulfilled promise and unavenged wrong that the town can never be wrested from the Basque heritage. The future of the Basque people is inevitably linked to its survival.

—PAUL A. DICKSON.

Mr. Dickson, a U.S. Navy veteran, is a free-lance writer who lives in Yonkers, New York.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

William Saroyan (3), Robert Anderson (6), Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1), Peter Ustinov (14), Edmond Rostand (4), John Drinkwater (2), Maxwell Anderson (12), W. B. Yeats (11), Elmer Rice (9), Euripides (5), Sutton Vane (13), Henrik Ibsen (8), T. S. Eliot (7), Meredith Willson (10). Transpositions of A, R, and E authors are permissible.

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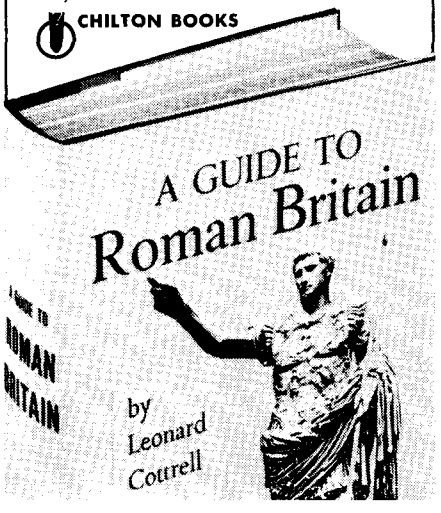

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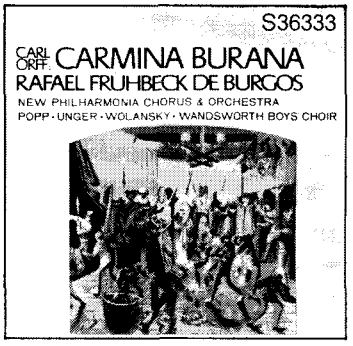
passion.

From the sacred

This is Beethoven talking to God. The strength of his belief, the power of his genius, and the fervor of his passion placed incredible demands on chorus and orchestra. And because Otto Klemperer conducts, the demands are met faultlessly. □ Beethoven's inspiration for Missa solemnis was the enthronement of his close friend Archduke Rudolf of Austria to the Archbishopric of Olmütz. He wrote Rudolf: "The day on which a High Mass of mine is performed at the solemnities for Your Royal Highness will be the happiest day of my life, and God will enlighten me so that my weak powers may contribute to the glorification of this solemn day." And God did indeed.

To the profane

In 1803, a collection of ribald song manuscripts was discovered in a Bavarian monastery. Unabashedly frank, the lyrics were convincing evidence that the Dark Ages weren't all that dark. □ In 1936, Carl Orff transformed this literary find into a roaring masterpiece for chorus and orchestra, Carmina burana. It was first performed in 1937, became an immediate success, and is now one of the most popular works on the Continent. □ Conducting this new Angel recording is 33-year-old maestro Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. His rare sense of rhythm and extraordinary drive for perfection (his German-Spanish parentage, perhaps?) make this Carmina burana the finest ever recorded.



To the poetic

This is the first stereo recording of La Vida breve, the opera that made Victoria de los Angeles famous. It's a dramatic Andalusian spectacle of love, jealousy, passion, despair, and tragedy. And though it was Manuel de Falla's only opera, it has remained unsurpassed in Spanish musical drama. □ For purity and authenticity, great care was taken to keep the performance as indigenous as the opera itself. It was recorded in Madrid, conducted by the Orquesta Nacional's brilliant young Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos.

Angel

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IN QUEST OF WEBERN

By HANS MOLDENHAUER

OCTOBER 26, 1965, Austria's *Tag der Fahnen* (National Flag Day) dawned cold and gloomy over Vienna. The car, parked overnight in the street, was covered with thick frost, and the engine seemed unwilling to start. Hermine von Webern had met us at the quaint little pension near the university where we stayed, so that she could pilot us through the labyrinth of intertwining city streets to our destination of the day. Now we followed her car, as it was weaving in and out of traffic, with the anticipation of old friends who were leaving town for a joint excursion into the country.

Actually, our acquaintance with Hermine von Webern was less than twenty-four hours old. At lunch the day preceding, we had met for the first time at the Coq d'Or, a popular restaurant in the inner city. The meeting had been prompted by a telephone conversation the night before, and as a sign of recognition Hermine would display a heavy golden signet ring on her finger.

Hermine was the daughter-in-law of the Austrian composer Anton von Webern, about whom I had set out to write a biography. In 1941, she had married Peter von Webern, the composer's only son. Her husband was killed in February of 1945 during a strafing attack on the train which was to bring him, already wounded, to a hospital and, as he hoped, release from further war action. From other family members, I had learned that the young widow had bravely made her way alone in the world, then one of destruction and deprivation, and that she ultimately had risen to an executive position in a mercantile occupation. Contact between her and her in-laws was scanty, supposedly because of the demands of her career.

Caused to believe that Hermine von Webern was always far too busy, I had previously made no attempt to contact her. But this time a specific incentive prompted me to do so: In my quest for a picture of the coat-of-arms of the von Webern clan, I had been told that Hermine possessed a signet ring, an heirloom from her husband. When I phoned her, she told me that the ring stayed always on her finger, but that she would be glad to show it to me. We had intended to terminate our stay in Vienna on the following day, but the cordial and eager response from Hermine made me decide to postpone our departure.

At the luncheon meeting, Hermine von Webern showed us not only the ring with the engraved coat-of-arms but also several letters which her father-in-law had written to her during 1945. They were letters of deeply moving contents, one of them penned on the evening of March 30 when Anton von Webern and his wife Wilhelmine fled from Vienna, the others written from the mountain refuge at Mittersill where the composer was to meet his tragic death a few months later.

In these last letters, Anton von Webern expressed his concern about the personal belongings left behind at his home in Maria Enzersdorf; specifically, he mentioned his typewriter, the silverware, and manuscripts of his compositions which he had buried under the garden house. Like many others, he had resorted to this primitive measure when the Russian armies approached Vienna, but the plan gave little protection when looting became widespread during those dismal days. "Is everything really gone?" inquired Webern anxiously from Hermine in the last of his letters dated

—*Carl Fischer, Inc.*

Dr. Hans Moldenhauer (right) holds Webern's cello. On the piano is the bust of the composer which inspired his "head hunt." Mrs. Moldenhauer holds a Webern manuscript.

Dr. Moldenhauer has done extensive research on Webern, his works, and the documents of his career. He is author of *The Death of Anton Webern: A Drama in Documents* (1961) and founder-director of the Webern Archive in Spokane, Wash.

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August 30, 1945, just a fortnight before his violent end.

A handsome woman in her forties, brunette and gray-eyed, of gentle manner and kindly face, Hermine von Webern had a long story to tell during that luncheon meeting, amid the din of noise and laughter in the crowded room. It was as if a mighty spring, gutted by years of work and isolation, suddenly gushed to the surface. Experiences, long repressed and thus much more intensified within her soul, broke loose as if an inner vacuum had found resonance.

Vienna had fallen to the Russians on April 13, 1945. Many inhabitants had left the city. Hermine, widowed and childless, had felt that her place was with her mother and sisters. She had stayed on and soon found a livelihood, as well as a measure of protection, by working as a seamstress for the occupying army. She related how she and her sisters would board a truck at dawn each morning to be brought to the workrooms where soldiers' uniforms were repaired; how her sisters invented a ruse to cover up her own lack of sewing skill; how at night they would be returned to her mother's dwelling, an old house at Perchtoldsdorf. The days were long and hard, but infinitely better than the nights when the women would often have to hide from the prowling soldiers, drunk with wine and victory.

IN due time, Hermine and her sisters had so gained the good will of the officers in charge that they secured permission to visit her father-in-law's erstwhile home in the nearby suburb of Maria Enzersdorf. A lieutenant and a soldier, the latter with fixed bayonet on his rifle, escorted them to a scene of chaos, damage, and dispersement. The round family dining table had a hole sawed in the center to hold a bucket for the washing chores of the soldiers billeted in the house. Webern's violoncello had been kicked in. Sculptures of Webern, his youngest daughter, Christine, and Gustav Mahler had been thrown into the yard, as had been hundreds of books and music volumes from Webern's personal library. The composer's letters and other papers had been scattered about; they eventually were gathered, mashed into coal sacks, and kept in the cellar as kindling material for the fire. Furnishings and other belongings, thrown out of the second floor apartment which had been Webern's home, were lying all around the yard.

Hermine and her companions went to work. Rucksack load by rucksack load, the brave young women carried the remnants of Webern's earthly possessions from Maria Enzersdorf to Perchtoldsdorf, a distance of four kilometers. In a loft, above her mother's living quarters, the salvaged properties were deposited. They formed a pitiful lot, dirtied by the grime of earth and gravel, soaked by moisture, partly torn and damaged. Much was already too far gone to warrant being salvaged, and no one knows how much had been burned or blown away.

Hermine went on to relate how, after the return of her sisters-in-law and their mother to Vienna, she had led them to the hideaway in the attic. By her effort to save what she could, she had wished in the first place to bring comfort to Anton von Webern, then still alive. After his death, she fathomed that his widow and daughters would take joy in what now had become relics and memories. Instead, the sight of these battered remnants excited only anguish. Wilhelmine asked her daughter-in-law to destroy the broken cello so that she might never again be reminded of it. She and her daughters selected from the piles of rescued articles those few which they wished to keep. Some time later, the daughters returned and, going once more through the stacks of materials, extracted the many letters which their father had written to their mother, now deceased. Determined that these letters were never to be read by an outsider, they committed all of them to the fire.

Subsequently no one had been to the attic again. Hermine, rather than destroying the cello as her mother-in-law had requested her to do, kept it in her own dwelling. Years later, in 1957, she decided to have the cello repaired and took it to an old instrument maker named Franz Hofer, who was to give it a new front. He had never finished the job, although Hermine often urged him to do so. The same afternoon when we had lunch together, she would go to Mr. Hofer and fetch the cello, whether it was repaired or not. If I wanted it for the Webern Archive, she would be glad to have me give it a permanent home.

The same evening, a few hours after our first rendezvous, we had been to the apartment of Hermine von Webern, and there the cello was waiting. Hermine had taken it out of Mr. Hofer's shop over the old man's protest that he had not yet finished the repair. He still had not been able to find the three fragments of the original front; the ragged splinters bore mute testimony to a brutal act.

What had excited my special curiosity during our conversation was Hermine's reference to a sculpture of Webern's head. The Webern Archive already housed the original terra cotta bust by Josef Humplik, of which a bronze replica stands in the *Historisches Museum der Stadt Wien*. But only two days earlier, during a meeting with a young musicologist, I had been shown a photograph of a Webern head which, in spite of many similar features, appeared to have been taken from a different sculpture. Now that Hermine had mentioned the bust, I wanted to convince myself. When she invited us to drive out to Perchtoldsdorf the next morning to take a look at the head in the attic, we quickly resolved to delay our departure from Vienna once again.

Now we were off for the hunt on this uninviting, colorless morning of Austria's National Flag Day. The morning fog grew even thicker as we approached Perchtoldsdorf, the medieval village at the outskirts of Vienna. Descending from one of the foothills of the Wiener Wald, we entered the small town and drove to the house at Hochstrasse 43, Hermine's parental home. Mrs. Franziska Schubert, her mother, still lived there. Hermine told us that she and her sisters had resisted pressures to have the old house torn down; they wished their aged mother to live out her days in familiar surroundings.

We greeted Mrs. Schubert, just recovering from a cataract operation, and observed the same friendly mien and cheerful smile inherited by her daughter. A bowl filled with fragrant Italian prunes was offered as a token of hospitality. The humble dwelling consisted of a combination living and bedroom, with adjoining kitchen; the stove provided warmth for both.

Out of the dimness of Mrs. Schubert's quarters, we stepped again into the court, thence entering an annex which once had served to house the carriage and farming utensils. We clambered up a wooden ladder which led steeply to a trap door giving access to the loft. The attic was long and dark. Its only source of light came from a small window at the far end. Climbing over several beams, we made our way toward the window. There were old trunks, baskets, and boxes everywhere. Books were stacked in piles. Among them lay heaps of printed music. Everything was covered by rubble, dust and cobwebs.

First, we located the Webern head, half hidden by a layer of debris. The sculpture proved indeed different from the well-known bust by Josef Humplik. This one, a plaster cast, apparently represented a preliminary version. Then we came upon a sculptured head of Gustav Mahler, over life-size; as we were to learn, it had adorned the Webern home as long back as the children could remember, a testimony of Webern's veneration. The Mahler head was damaged, and its pedestal missing. Another Humplik sculpture, lying nearby, portrayed Webern's youngest child, Christine. Like the other busts, it is mentioned in the correspondence between the artists, published as *Anton Webern Briefe an Hildegard Jone und Josef Humplik* (Universal Edition, 1959).

While I was still examining the heads, Hermine and my wife Rosaleen had be-

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come engrossed in a survey of the books. Among them were many volumes whose titles we had previously come to know through Webern's handwritten library catalogue. There were the works of Kant and Hölderlin, Strindberg and Maeterlinck, which had intensely occupied Webern's thinking. There were the conversations between Goethe and Eckermann from which he had quoted in his diaries and letters. There was Bruno Wille's *Offenbarungen des Wachholderbaumes* from which the composer had drawn inspiration for his symphonic idyll *Im Sommerwind* (1904) and for a path-breaking string quartet (1905); the same motto by the religious mystic Jacobus Böhme (1575-1624) that the freethinker Wille had used for his book also prefaces Webern's quartet. There were the very volumes of poetry by Ferdinand Avenarius and Richard Dehmel from which the composer had chosen the texts for some of his youthful songs. As we read title after title, the very fountainhead of Webern's inspiration seemed to well anew before our eyes.

And then there were the volumes of printed music from which Webern had studied, the orchestral scores from which he had conducted; from Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* and B Minor Mass to Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto and Schubert's *Rosamunde* music, from works by Wagner, Bruckner, Wolf, and Reger to a collection of those by Webern's teacher and friend, Arnold Schoenberg. There were compositions which had been dedicated to Webern by authors such as Apostel, Eisler, and Zenk.

Many of the books and scores bore Webern's autograph inscriptions, ranging from marks of interpretation to records of performances. As we leafed through the pages, we came upon intimate and telling letters such as one written by Webern to his future wife briefly before their wedding, or one in which Webern's father, Carl, makes caustic references to the son's mentor and idol Schoenberg: To follow in the latter's footsteps, the concerned father writes, certainly would not augur well for a career, since Schoenberg had not proved capable of making a livelihood.

THE letters and neatly penned notes, the pressed flowers and votive pictures, the bookplates imprinted "Toni von Webern," and the many marginal pencilled remarks all mediated a strange closeness with the man who once had cherished all these things. After an eclipse of twenty years, human association restored the forgotten relics once again to a life of their own, and the semi-darkness of the attic was illuminated by that strange awareness. A number of books were badly damaged by the elements to which they had lain exposed. Not only nature had affected them: one

large art book *Die chinesische Landschaftsmalerei* had two pieces in the shape of inner soles cut out of its hard cover. Presumably, some urgent need had been met during the days when physical wants took precedence over everything else.

Hermine had turned to a wooden case on the floor. It was equipped with a metal handle and a padlock clasp. This box, as Hermine told us, had served her husband as a carrying case during his years as a soldier. When she opened the lid, more books appeared. We continued separating them into stacks of volumes which had formed part of Webern's personal library and those which obviously had belonged to other family members. Suddenly, my wife uttered a subdued exclamation, a mixture of surprise and disbelief. Hermine had drawn out of the box a large package, one of three such parcels. Opening the wrapper, she handed the bundle to my wife. What Rosaleen saw were large quantities of music manuscripts, unmistakably in Webern's own writing.

My mind at once registered the passage in Webern's letter to his daughter-in-law when he had spoken of his compositions which were buried, together with the typewriter and silverware, under the garden house. Could it be that these were the very manuscripts? Incredible as it at first appeared, this was to be the case. Enshrined in the crude wooden crate, untouched for two decades, unmoved by the world which had gone by since and which, in particular, had witnessed the emergence of Webern's name as a bright star on the musical firmament, these manuscripts had waited for their resurrection. Instead of being discovered, they might well have been lost forever. In but a brief span of time, the old house, with the obsolete rummage in the attic, would be razed.

What was contained in those three large packets of manuscripts since has become part of music history. Before our incredulous eyes there unfolded, in astonishing variety and completeness, Webern's creative *oeuvre* from its very beginnings in 1899 up to the year 1925 when the composer had long attained maturity. Among the stack of early compositions was the very first attempt of the fifteen-year-old student at the Klagenfurt Gymnasium: two cello pieces, no doubt conceived by Webern for his own performance on the instrument which was to accompany him throughout life, the same cello which had been retrieved only yesterday. There were the songs of his youth, piano pieces, string quartets, and works for large orchestra. Then there was the "real" Webern, such as four settings of poems by Stefan George. By their title listings, they intrinsically belonged to the song cycles Op. 3 and 4 but had not been published with the latter.

There was a sketch to an opera, *Alladine und Palomides*, after the play by Maurice Maeterlinck. According to references in Webern's letters to Schoenberg and Diez, the project had occupied him during the year 1908. And on it went with hitherto unknown compositions: several orchestral pieces, identical in idiom and instrumentation with those contained in the Opus 10 cycle; the draft of a cello sonata dated 1914; various songs with the same instrumental combinations employed in the Opus 13 group; the charming *Kinderstück* for piano solo of 1924; and two string trios of 1925. Some of the works were in finished scores, others in sketches or drafts. They all, however, portrayed Webern's slow and groping, ever-selective but in the end unerring process of composing which Igor Stravinsky had called "his dazzling diamonds, the mines of which he had such a perfect knowledge." Here in the attic, we had come upon the mainshaft of those mines.

To be sure, there were among the manuscripts many of the already well-known works, but some of these contained intensely interesting variants from their published versions. The chorus *Entflieht auf leichten Kähnen*, Opus 2, had been known heretofore as only a cappella. Here was now a scoring in which Webern employed the instrumental assistance of violin, viola, violoncello, harmonium and pianoforte. The Second String Quartet, so titled by Webern on the cover, turned out to be the often performed Six Bagatelles, Opus 9, but in a different sequence and with the addition of a *seventh* piece in which a voice part joins the strings. One of the most interesting finds consisted of the instrumental parts, laboriously written out by the composer himself, for a chamber arrangement of the well-known Six Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 6; this ver-

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Verdi's Nabucco Revealed

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

SUBSTANTIALLY complete, with its leading roles performed superbly, and excellent in the techniques of recording, the London Records *Nabucco* is a genuine revelation. What it reveals is why this third of Verdi's operas, composed when he was twenty-eight, should have established him overnight in 1842 as the most likely heir of Rossini (who was operatically silent), Bellini (who was dead), and Donizetti (who was still active). *Nabucco*, properly performed, is an exciting opera—not subtle, not always exquisitely made, not the masterpiece of an experienced, mature composer—but impassioned and convincing. The London recording of it (stereo OSA 1382, $17.37; mono A 4382, $15.37) resembles the opera itself: not unflawed, it has preserved a predominantly living likeness of a score composed in hot blood.

Lamberto Gardelli conducts well. The Vienna Opera Orchestra and Chorus perform their duties excellently. The cast, varying from magnificent to not-quite-adequate (tenor trouble and recessive secondary singers), is made up of Tito Gobbi in the title role, Elena Suliotis as Abigaille, Carlo Cava in the fierce Old Testament part of Zaccaria, Bruno Prevedi as Ismaele, Dora Carral as Fenena, Anna d'Auria as Anna, Walter Kräuter as Abdallo, and Giovanni Foiani as the High Priest of Bel. Gobbi and

Tito Gobbi—"operatic portrayal at its best."

Elena Suliotis—"The most thrilling new soprano actress since . . . Callas."

Suliotis are extraordinary; Cava convincingly projects the fanatic prophet; Prevedi tries appealingly hard, but does not quite succeed with the ungrateful role of the King of Jerusalem's nephew; the others sing minor parts in a minor way.

Hearing all of *Nabucco* (except, inexplicably, the fourth-act, twenty-two-measure *allegro* beginning "L'empio tiranno") soon after listening to the recent Philips re-issue of Rossini's *Mosè* clarifies interesting points about the Italian operatic world of the very early 1840s. Everything about *Nabucco* suggests that what Verdi had in mind when setting Temistocle Solera's libretto was *Mosè*, and that not merely because both operas use pseudo-Biblical texts and suffer from some ritual rigidity. The most renowned single number in Rossini's opera (particularly as it had become familiar in his 1827 revision for the Paris Opéra) was the chorus of Hebrews, "Dal tuo stellato soglio"; the most renowned single number in *Nabucco* is the chorus of Hebrews, "Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate." Both librettos confront Old Testament Hebrews with an oppressor nation; the whole musical evocation of Hebrews and Egyptians in Rossini's score, of Hebrews and Babylonians in Verdi's, emerges from a single attitude. But several formative musical events had occurred in the twenty-four years between the first *Mosè* (1818) and *Nabucco*. Not the least important of them for their suggestions to Verdi were almost all of Donizetti's operas, and especially all of his *opere serie* and *opere semiserie*, whose dramatic urgency Verdi's genius was to evolve in the direction of his ripe masterpieces.

Despite powerful choruses and loud orchestral effects announced immediately in the overture, which is an integer of the drama, *Nabucco* is still somewhat a singers' opera. It trails trills (skimped in this performance) and other *bel canto* ornamentation. Or, rather, it is a vehicle for singing actors, for vocal technicians who mold character as much by the coloring and deployment of their voices as by mime and gesture. The London recording is built solidly around the Nabucco of Gobbi, here as everywhere exercising his defining artistic intelligence. His superior sense of rhythm, and vocal color and attack here outline the Babylonian king's wrath, madness, and recovery, making nonsense of negative criticism of his voice for supposed lack of youthful sensuous appeal. To listen to his delivery of the opera's climactic line, near the end of Act II—"Non son più re, son Dio!" (I am no longer a king, I am God!) is to be satisfied by operatic portrayal at its best. Never faltering (except in the elision of characteristic ornaments) in faithfulness to Verdi's ideas about the projection of Solera's text, Gobbi becomes Nebuchadnezzar in our minds.

Gobbi's peer is the astonishing Elena Suliotis as Abigaille, astonishing because unexpected. Yes, she sang Santuzza in *Cavalleria rusticana* for the Teatro San Carlo, Naples, in August 1964. And yes, travelers returned from Europe have talked agitatedly about her. But nothing really had prepared us for her emergence in this recording as the most thrilling new soprano actress since the first appearances of Maria Callas. (Suliotis is not *like* Callas, being all Suliotis, but she generates a similar kind of musicodramatic magic.) Like almost everything about this recording except Gobbi and the orchestral-choral performance, her singing is flawed, most irritatingly, by a habit of giving undesirable shoves on the final notes of phrases. But her utter conviction about and absorption by the nature of Abigaille, her ability and willingness to modulate her brilliant voice in view of that conviction and absorption, and her sheer power as a vocal performer announce (and not too soon) that the sort of operatically creative female singing which seems to have begun in Rossini's time with Pasta, Grisi, and Malibran, and to have had its most recent incarnation in Callas, has not vanished from this earth. The London recording of *Nabucco* would be worth its price for Suliotis alone. She is truly sensational good news. Surely Verdi—who composed this role for his mistress and future wife, Giuseppina Strepponi—would have approved.

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In Memoriam, Bud Powell

PIANIST Earl "Bud" Powell died the night of August 1 in Kings County Hospital, New York. The obituaries mentioned tuberculosis, malnutrition, and alcoholism, but it might be said that Bud Powell died of something—a daemon perhaps—that pursued him most of his life and that manifested itself in symptoms that were sometimes physical and sometimes psychological. Or perhaps Bud Powell died of the scarred, unreachably tragic nature of his own being and of the terrible buffeting that life had given him.

By the mid-Forties, it was fairly common among insiders to say that Powell on piano was to the modern jazz of the time what Dizzy Gillespie was on trumpet and Charlie Parker on alto saxophone. Musically, he had followed a lead that they provided, to be sure, but to put it that he was "Bird on piano" is to overlook his pianistic heritage, which included an assimilation of (among others) Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson. It is also to overlook his own contributions; his most immediately obvious debt to Parker and Gillespie was that he had absorbed them rhythmically, but clearly he spoke their language with accents and punctuations of his own.

Within a few years some of his ideas had received the idle flattery of middlebrow popularization by George Shearing. But Powell also received the deeper compliments of a more legitimate following among a whole generation of younger pianists. "They cut him up like a gathering of anxious medical students working on a corpse," remarked one player in the early Fifties, and many of them took what they could and played it the best they could. Certainly no one equaled the master. Horace Silver was one who understood that it was best not to try, but rather to take what one could and make something of one's own.

Powell sometimes played like a man running before a threat, and perhaps a part of him knew from the beginning that time would run out for him. There was an urgency in his playing that was sometimes almost extra-musical and sometimes not, and there was an emphatic precision in his touch, even at the fleetest tempos, that was, and has remained, entirely his own.

Powell's style belonged to the mid-Forties, as does his heritage, and the best of his recordings were made by 1953. The great Powell is not the faintly pretentious composer who wrote *Glass Enclosure* out of Prokofiev, or who translated his youthful exercises into *Bud on Bach*, or who came up with an effective Latin-esque novelty in *Un Poco Loco*. Nor is it the Powell of slow ballads—the shadow of Tatum lingered across his keyboard all too often in such moods. The great Powell is the Powell of medium and fast tempo pieces from the modern repertory such as *Ornithology*, *A Night in Tunisia*, *Little Benny* (which in his version is called *Bud's Bubble*), *52nd Street Theme*, *Parisian Thoroughfare*, or the Powell of standard melodies at similar tempos such as *I'll Remember April*, *Somebody Loves Me*, *All God's Children Got Rhythm*, or *Indiana*.

Bud Powell—"no one equaled the master."

Intricate structures to him weren't all-important; he found inspiration in both sophisticated outlines (*How High the Moon*) and simple ones (the blues, and *I Got Rhythm*). His re-harmonization of, say, *I Want to Be Happy* is both unassuming and ingenious, but what usually mattered in Powell's playing was his finding a basis, almost *any* basis, for his own inventive, linear energy, an energy which seemed both unabated and, one might say, insatiable. Melodies simply seemed to cascade out of him. But under inspection they prove to be logical melodies.

There is an astonishing moment on his first version of *A Night in Tunisia* where his right hand winds through a sustained linkage of notes for a full eight measures, unbroken by a single rest or bar line, but there is nothing of a technical student involved in that passage. Nor is there anything greatly exceptional about it, and, symbolically at least, the moment is characteristic Powell. It is also so musical that (as with many another of his improvised lines) if it were transcribed, slowed down and played quietly, it would prove to have a natural lyricism that is both surprising and fundamental to its character.

Powell made, as time has already witnessed, too many records, and some of them are painful to attend. When he was ill, the otherwise precise, galvanized coordination of his hands was not there, and he seemed not to know it. And, toward the end, he made some recordings where the separate techniques of each hand had deteriorated. But throughout the Fifties and into the Sixties there were brief, heartening, but ultimately frustrating recoveries, when the old technique and creativity came back to him.

The best Powell is contained in two Blue Note albums called *The Amazing Bud Powell* (1503 and 1504); in his Roost album, *The Bud Powell Trio* (2224); and two Verve albums, *Bud Powell: Jazz Giant* (8153) and *The Genius of Bud Powell* (8115). (Those latter two especially had best be got while the getting is good, for the company has recently declared them out of print.) Powell as a member of a Charlie Parker Quintet is spread across two Savoy LPs (12001 and 12009). And he can be heard working in solo and accompaniment with various other of his fellow modernists on Savoy 12011 and Prestige 7248.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

The Road

By Jeannette Nichols

IT goes. Eliding
over the hilltop
and doesn't stop anywhere,
goes into its brother
as if it owed a debt.

It comes back
like a lover from another
woman, reeking of lives
and the deaths of small animals.

It is. As a life
is, complete unto itself
only after we
the living
have entered into it
like a death
going everywhere.

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Recordings in Review

Weill's "Der Jasager"

WEILL: *Der Jasager. Siegfried Kohler conducting the Dusseldorf Children's Chorus and Chamber Orchestra with Willibald Vohla (teacher), Joseph Protschka (student) and Lys Bert (mother).* Heliodor H 25025, $2.49; "stereo" HS 25025, $2.49.

THOSE WHOSE appetite for the Berlin idiom of Kurt Weill is all but insatiable will welcome this reissue of a performance first circulated on MGM E 3270 as much more nourishing than the latest package containing the latest edition of Beethoven's nine symphonies with all the repeats. Others may find it intermittently absorbing, and sometimes a mite thin, but an illuminating predecessor of another "opera" built around a boy soprano (Menotti's *Amahl*).

To speak of a work derived from a Japanese Noh play as embodying Weill's "Berlin idiom" may be a trifle confusing, but factual none the less. For, despite his concern with Brecht's adaptation of the text about a boy who insists on joining a dangerous trek across mountains in the hope of finding a cure for his mother's illness, Weill is working with many of the same materials he utilized in *Mahagonny* and *Die Dreigroschenoper*. Surprisingly enough, they work better than might be anticipated, even in the moment when the boy, enfeebled by his effort, is asked whether he is aware of the custom by which stragglers must be disposed of in order to protect the safety of the others, and he answers with the fateful "Ja."

As a sample of what Brecht and Weill described as a "school opera," *Der Jasager* is, musically, on a much higher plane than the composer's better known, much later effort to create something comparable, in American terms, with *Down in the Valley*. How it would fare with performers of less professional quality than Lys Bert (mother) and Willibald Vohla (the teacher) is another matter, but they meet their requirements here with admirable abilities, as does Joseph Protschka as the student. The voices are more faithfully reproduced than the little orchestra, which is decidedly low-fi. As for the "stereo," it is more imaginary than real.

Wunderlich, Liedersinger

SCHUMANN: *Dichterliebe.* BEETHOVEN: *"Adelaide"; "Ich liebe dich"; "Der Kuss"; "Resignation".* SCHUBERT: *"Im Abendrot"; "An die Laut"; "Die Forelle"; "Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren"; "Der Musensohn". Fritz Wunderlich, tenor, with Hubert Giesen, piano.* Deutsche Grammophon 19 125, $5.79; stereo, 139 125, $5.79.

Fritz Wunderlich—"a sound of rare purity and freshness."

EVER SINCE the first recorded sound of Fritz Wunderlich's voice was noticed in these pages, he has moved from relative obscurity to ever-increasing prominence in the opera house as well as in the recording studios. If I read the entries in Schwann's artist catalogue correctly, this is the first time he has had a whole record to himself in circumstances that are more demanding than those of "Granada!" and similar matter on Verve S 9023.

It is without question a sound of rare purity and freshness that Wunderlich produces, and his technique is superior not only to most tenors prominent today, but also to all but a fraction of other male singers. He is one of those singers who seems to be incapable of singing off pitch—for the while, anyway; the words come forth almost as clearly as Gedda's; and his musicianship, if not instinctive, has been so well cultivated that it appears to be.

However, the evidence of these sides is that as promising a future as Wunderlich may have in lieder, it is more than a little premature for him to go on record as a singer of Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann. The freshness and purity of the sound are something to hear in "Adelaide," "Ich liebe dich," and "Der Kuss," but when they continue on, with scarcely a change of inflection, coloration, or intensity in "An die Laut," "Die Forelle" and "Im Abendrot," it is more than a little too much of a good thing. To be sure, in "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome," Wunderlich shows that he knows there is a darker possibility in his voice, and he employs it increasingly as the cycle progresses. However, the total suggests the promise of a successful recording rather than one which has achieved that state. Giesen is, of course, a thoroughly experienced accompanist, but he tends to follow rather than lead, a misjudged tactic in this case.

Three for the Money

LISZT: *Variations (Hexameron) on a theme from Bellini's "I Puritani" (including variations by Thalberg, Pixis, Herz, Czerny, and Chopin). Réminiscences de Norma. Raymond Lewenthal, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2895, $4.79; stereo LSC 2895, $5.79.

MOST RECORDS are made up of two elements—the creation of the composer and the personality of the performer who interprets it. In this instance, Lewenthal has a third ally, the genius of Vincenzo Bellini who invented the material on which Liszt exercised his ingenuity. Together they make up a fascinating exercise in period pleasure, whose like has not been heard since the late Egon Petri left off such investigations (Charles Rosen's version of the Liszt variations on *Don Giovanni* is almost decorous by comparison).

Unlike some others who have ventured this repertory from time to time, Lewenthal's projection of the finger-breaking evolutions, which encrust Bellini's sturdy themes like fungus on a redwood, is pursued with the same passionate scholarship which he applied to Beethoven back in the days when he was recording the *Appassionata* and others for Westminster. This almost lulls one into the belief that what he produces has a valid relation to music, rather than a kind of jugglery in which not merely balls, but Indian clubs, silk hats, and china plates are flying through the air simultaneously.

This doubtless qualifies me for inclusion in the category of those whom Lewenthal abjures, in his excellent annotation on the subject, not to view Liszt's paraphrases "facetiously." From my vantage point, that is the *only* rational way to view them: to take them seriously is to assume that in addition to being a show-off and a man vain of his virtuosity Liszt had poor musical taste. That I would take a fighting stance on, for the man who was capable of Liszt's greatness in the *Faust* symphony and certain of the songs, certainly knew what he was doing when he laid it on in the pieces written to amaze, astound, and arouse admiration.

Whatever the merits of these opposed views, Lewenthal belongs in the company of Liszt and his most devoted

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disciples in also knowing what he is doing. The important thing, really, is not whether the listener takes this order of thing seriously, but whether the performer does; and that Lewenthal assuredly does, to the extent that the Chopin variation (in the *Hexameron* set) is one of the most charming expositions of the composer's style to appear in months. Best of all, in undertaking his self-set task, Lewenthal does not plead indulgence in the face of the awesome difficulties it presents. How many "takes" of each piece were required to produce the final results nobody is saying, nor is it really important. He has created a record with at least a three-way appeal, and full value for the money that is asked.

Songs of Granados

GRANADOS: *Canciones Amatorias ("Descúbrase el Pensamiento de Mi Secreto Cuidado"; "Mañanica Era"; "Llorad, Corazón, Que Teneis Razón"; "Mira Que Soy Niña, ¡Amor, Déjame!"; "No Lloreis, Ojuelos"; "Iban al Pinar";* and *"Gracia Mía"). Tonadillas ("La Maja Dolorosa No. 1"; "La Maja Dolorosa No. 2"; "La Maja Dolorosa No. 3"; "El Tra la la y el Punteado"; "El Mirar de la Maja"; "Callejo"; "Amor y Odio"; "El Majo Discreto"; "El Majo Tímido";* and *"La Maja de Goya"). Montserrat Caballé, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Rafael Ferrer.* RCA Victor LM 2910, $4.79; stereo LSC 2910, $5.79.

WHILE RCA is getting ahead on its program of new recording with Caballé, there is apparently, an abundance of prior material to draw upon from Spanish sources. For that, one can be profoundly grateful, for if the precedents of the past are a guide to the future, it is unlikely that such matters as the *zarzuela* airs admired recently, or the Granados songs of this collection will have a high priority place on her recording schedule in the future.

Thus, if the sound of the voice antedates the beginning of her American fame, the performances are nevertheless a further index to just what kind of performing personality she is. Not the flamboyantly dramatic kind, certainly, but warmly appreciative of an inviting melodic line and sensitive to verbal inflections, especially in Spanish. This is especially evident in the *Canciones Amatorias* which are, if anything, even less known than the *Tonadillas* (favored in the past by Supervia, Lola Rodriguez de Aragon, and a few others). They are, for the most part, moodily introspective reflections on the subject of remembered love, as remote from the grinding lament of "Ich grolle nicht" as the Iberian peninsula is from the Rhine. Caballé assesses their tone and coloration admirably, delivering each with a vocal refinement and sensitivity that proceed from some other source than a teacher's studio. The same factors distinguish the *Tonadillas,* though by the measure of some other performances, the emotional range is constricted, the swing from *dolorosa* to delight less pronounced than it might be. The orchestral accompaniments are all in keeping with the material (Supervia did her *Tonadillas* with piano), the playing under Ferrer and the reproduction of it contributory to pleasure.

Symphonies of Henze

HENZE: *Symphonies Nos. 1-5. Hans Werner Henze conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* Deutsche Grammophon 19 203-4, $5.79; stereo 139 203-4, $5.79.

AT FORTY, Hans Werner Henze is the most sizeable composer of the postwar era in Germany, with twenty years of public performance behind him and an unlimited vista ahead of him. It would be not merely an exaggeration but an untruth to say that he is well known in this country, or that even those who have heard his *Undine* (in performances by the Royal Ballet), *Elegy for Young Lovers* (given at the Juilliard in 1965), or one of the symphonies, have sound basis for a perspective of his accomplishments.

Thus the appearance, altogether, of his first five symphonies is an event of the first importance vis-à-vis the musical history of our time. Covering a span from 1947 to 1963, they bear true and faithful evidence to the conscience and character of this musician, who—in my view at any rate—has endeavored to found his art on the substance of the past. Some may estimate this as a "safe" kind of procedure, but it is in fact the most dangerous of all, laying open its practitioner to direct comparisons that may expose his shortcomings at any time.

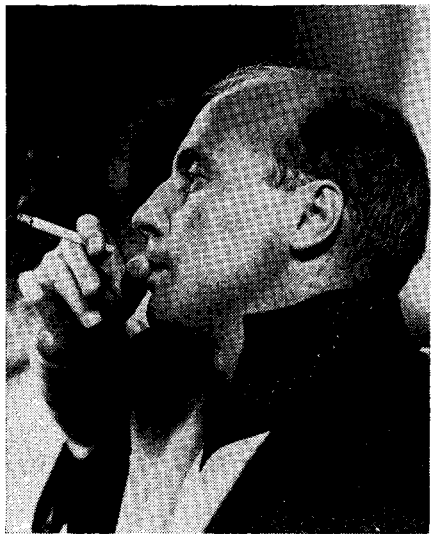
This peril Henze has long since successfully evaded, for he is a sure craftsman, a master of his materials, and completely in control of whatever patterns he sets in motion. The questions relate, rather, to the range and variety of his materials, the vitality of the patterns he sets in motion, the extent to which his craftsmanship dominates his artistic intentions or is at the disposal of them. Several hearings of the total sequence leave me with the feeling that I have far from exhausted their entire content, but also with a vague sense of discontent about the relationship of one section to another, or the inevitability of the esthetic argument each projects.

A portion of this relates to the inadequate means for comprehension afforded by DGG's release. This offers a reasonably interesting "reading piece" by Henze on his musical esthetic, and an informative biographical one by Klaus Geitel; but all too few words of exposition or illumination on the works themselves. Thus, one is left miserably uninformed whether the apparent references to Stravinsky or Berg, Webern or whoever are part of a plan, or non-volitional. Musical information is limited to a short summary of the extent to which the texts used by Henze differ from those of the B. Schott study scores (the first symphony is presented in a new version for chamber orchestra made sixteen years after its creation in 1947). Otherwise the listener is on his own.

Even with Henze's disclaimer that the "symphony as it was understood in the nineteenth century" has not existed "for fifty years and more," the elements he has bound together are something more akin to accompaniments to unseen action than they are complete in themselves. Number four is identified, in Henze's statement, as originally included in his opera *König Hirsch*; but even in those without such attribution, the attention they arouse is only partial, as though the real thread of meaning were contained in an element—words, voice, balletic action—about which the listener is uninformed.

I find much to admire, qua sound, in these two discs, but also an awareness, after a while, of some stereotypes that are hard to reconcile with a composer of strong personal inclinations. Among them are nervous, interrupted, disjointed rhythms which spell, all too patently, Stravinsky; huge crescendi succeeded immediately by faint pianissimi, which Berg made the most of in the interludes of *Wozzeck*; dense sonorities of the Messaien kind, etc. This may, in the absence of other magnets to the attention, be unjust isolation of non-consequential elements. If so, DGG has its share of the blame to bear.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Hans Werner Henze—"an event of the first importance."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 in C; Choral Fantasia. Julius Katchen, piano, with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Pierino Gamba. London CM 9451, $4.79; stereo CS 6451, $5.79.	To judge from the results he achieves in the Concerto, Katchen has consulted all the relevant sources of enlightenment on this work, not least of all Beethoven's score. That is to say, it strikes me as combining many of the precepts that have emerged from the recordings of Schnabel, Gieseking, Backhaus, and Serkin (to mention but a sampling of those whose recordings come to mind), and correlated them with the total work projected by the composer. Katchen is at his best in the first two movements—the finale lacks a little of the humor that Schnabel found in it—but it is, altogether, greatly to his credit. Gamba fills his function soundly, though a conductor with a little more personal projection would be welcome in the Fantasia which is otherwise well performed.
Bizet: *L'Arlésienne* Suite (plus Farandolle). Grieg: *Peer Gynt* Suite (No. 1). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia ML 6277, $4.79; stereo MS 6877, $5.79.	Those who cherish memories of early recordings of Bizet's Suite by Weingartner, Mengelberg, and Beecham as the enduring standard of how one movement or another should be performed will find a renewal of such criteria in this magisterial effort by Szell and his great orchestra. No shred of musical meaning is ignored, no dramatic point lost in a restatement that is as vitally alive as it is brilliantly polished. By contrast, the Grieg Suite, which is equally well performed, doesn't come nearly as close to exhausting the opportunities provided by the composer. That touch of imagery and folk poetry which were so much a part of the Beecham treatment elude Szell. However, it is a record worth possessing for the unique quality of the single side.
Dvořák: Concerto in A minor; Romance, Op. 11. Isaac Stern, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6276, $4.79; stereo MS 6876, $5.79.	There have been so many good recordings of this work in recent years—by Suk, Oistrakh, Milstein, Ricci, and Edith Peinemann most recently—that the case for still another would be hard to make. However, Stern makes it in the only way open to him, by a superior demonstration of musicianship and a point of view decidedly his own. That consists, as I hear it, not of striving to enlarge the sentiment of the work to another Brahms, but by savoring to the full what there is about it that is distinctively Dvořák's own. That takes in more than average delicacy of statement in the melodic matter, and a good deal of rhythmic grace that may too often be overlooked. Together the orchestra, conductor, and soloist have evolved a mode of presentation that is warm without being superheated, and always affectionate. The addition of the little known but wholly attractive Romance adds interest as well as value.
Milhaud: *Le Boeuf sur le toit; La Création du monde*. Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Elysées conducted by Darius Milhaud. Nonesuch H1122, $2.50; stereo 71122, $2.50.	The probable effect of this uncommon recording of *Le Boeuf sur le toit* will be to recall its gaiety and charm to other record-makers, thus prompting a more listenable effort than this one. This may be a source of irritation to Milhaud the conductor, but should only gratify Milhaud the composer. There is, indeed, nothing at fault with the performance that better reproduction wouldn't amend, but it is a singularly soggy, dull-sounding product which belies the attribution "stereo." *La Création* suffers from much the same complaint, though being a more strikingly original work, it has the interest inherent in a documentation of the composer's own opinions on the subject. Curiously, they turn out to be much like everyone elses, meaning that he made his meaning so plain that it is difficult to misconstrue it. But *Le Boeuf* can be better served than it is here.
Prokofiev: *Cinderella* (Ballet Suites Nos. 1 and 2). Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducting the Bolshoi Orchestra. Monitor, stereo only, MCS 2099, $1.98.	Few conductors have had a closer identity with this work than Rozhdestvensky, and some of the playing by the Russian orchestra is notably good (especially in the second Suite). However questionable may be the effort to "electrically enhance" a mono record, in the case of the Russian examples it is almost self-defeating, for the originals (of this period) had very little to enhance. Here the sound is as thin and insubstantial as it was when originally offered, the "stereo" effects hard to perceive.
Ravel: *Valses nobles et sentimentales; Alborada del gracioso; Pavane pour une infante défunte*. Strauss: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Excerpts). Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Victrola VIC 1199, $2.50; stereo VICS 1199, $3.00.	Improbable though it is that the Chicago Symphony could produce performances as good as these with its present conductor (or with any other), the results are nevertheless being offered at "bargain" prices, according to the perverse scheme of values that prevails in the phonographic world. The outcome is not only to the greater glory of Reiner, but to the greater enjoyment of the listener wise enough to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded. Though Reiner was long rated as a Strauss specialist, the Ravel side is a shining example of high refinement in the execution of a sophisticated conception. Withal there is nothing in the least effete about the results, for Reiner's music-making valued animation as much as it did precision. At the price, one can afford two: one to play, the other to treasure against future "deletion."
Thompson: Concerto. Francis Fuge, flute, with the Louisville Orchestra conducted by Robert Whitney. Martinu: Symphony No. 5. Same orchestra and conductor. Louisville 663, $7.95; stereo S-663, $8.45.	Thompson has evaded most of the possibilities of monotony inherent in the flute as a solo instrument, arriving at a successful juxtaposition of the several different capacities it possesses. The materials with which he works are not particularly prepossessing, but they are adroitly combined to command the attention through the length of a carefully conceived, skillfully executed score. The soloist is qualified to make the instrument sound well in the several moods Thompson pursues, whether as soloist or part of the ensemble. The ensemble does not sound quite as good in the Martinu, which, probably, could use a larger sound source than Whitney's. It is not, in any case, one of the composer's more distinguished works.
Smetana: *Moldau; Bartered Bride* (Overture, Three Dances). Dvořák: *Carnival* Overture; Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, Nos. 1 and 3). Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 6279, $4.79; stereo MS 6879, $5.79.	Leonard Bernstein's recordings with the New York Philharmonic have been so regularly devoted to the weightier matters of the repertory that it is a welcome digression to find him occupied as he is in this one. One unqualified reaction is to the quality of the playing, invariably exact and responsive to the printed text. Too often, however (as in the two overtures), Bernstein tends to carry over the weight of sonority and breadth of contrast suitable to bigger matters. Insistence is the mood rather than insinuation, with the result that the sounds tend to flatten the listener rather than merely overwhelm him (it would be better still if they only wooed him). As for the *Bartered Bride* Dances, even the most furious Czech could hardly move quickly enough for the pace at which Bernstein takes the *furiant*. The first Slavonic Dance and the *Moldau* come closer to a balance between animation and repose. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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"Bassarids" in Salzburg

HANS WERNER HENZE's latest creation for the musical theater, *The Bassarids,* is sometimes breathtaking, but also an enervating and irritating work. Its world premiere, the highlight of this year's Salzburg Festival, evoked more enthusiasm for the rendering of the one-act opera and the far-reaching concept of its basic idea than for the music, which—like the libretto—is divided into four sections and constructed as the four movements of a classical symphony.

During rehearsals of Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* at Glyndebourne, in 1961, the composer confided to his librettists, W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, that he would like one day to try his hand at a full-scale music-drama. Auden mentioned Euripides's *Bacchae* as possible material. The Greek drama underwent drastic dramaturgical changes. As finally conceived by the author-trio, the basic conflict between the "orderly world" of King Pentheus of Thebes and the triumphantly acclaimed reign of the "new god" Dionysus became the fundamental pattern for a huge historic canvas of similar spiritual, religious, and political clashes.

I know of no operatic undertaking, past or present, that would demand an equal foreknowledge of the mythological background, the genealogical tree of its dramatis personae, and of the religious attitudes of the characters. It would require pages upon pages to give even the shortest description. Suffice it to say that the symbol-laden plot with its numerous Freudian influences centers around the end of a "normal era" and the beginning of a yet unforeseeable reign of terror, willingly accepted by the entranced Bassarids and Maenads who greet the new god as their idol. It is a story open to many interpretations, and this can be counted both to the work's strength and weakness.

Pentheus, who has discarded polytheism and who has come to believe in one, universal, and impersonal god, is a weakling unable to tell the people of Thebes what he really believes, afraid they would call him a blasphemer and atheist. With this new cult of Dionysus, the deliberate worship—as it seems to him—of irrational and sexual passion, there can be no compromise. By his attempting completely to suppress his instincts instead of integrating them with his rationality he causes his own downfall.

The king, utterly bewildered and sick with disgust, sets out to go to Mount Cytheron and see the "miracle" for himself. Disguised as a woman, upon the command of Dionysus clad as a "Stranger," he joins the bacchantic Walpurgis-night, knowing his mother, Agave, to be among the Beatles-like worshippers. The Maenads answer every appeal to sanity with an ecstatic "No!," they rush upon him, and out of the darkness comes his final scream. It is Agave who re-enters Thebes with the head of her slain son which she holds toward her womb "as if she had never borne him." Too late her lament: "We both did what neither would; the strong gods are not good." The Stranger proclaims that he is the God Dionysus, decrees perpetual and separate exile for Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, and his daughters, and orders the Captain of the murdered king to set fire to the royal palace.

The stage is hidden by flames. From behind them the voice of Dionysus is heard summoning his mother, Semele, from the land of the dead to ascend with him to Olympus and become the goddess Thyone. After the flames die down, the ruins of the city are seen bathed in a brilliant Mediterranean light and covered with vines. In front of two gigantic monuments bearing grim faces, the masses prostrate themselves in blind and unabashed adoration.

Most of the music falls into two distinct and contrasting groups, each with its own supply of themes and chords, and a tone-row of its own, too. The "opera seria" is divided into four movements. The first one is in expanded sonata form and its main themes represent the two juxtaposed ideologies of Pentheus and Dionysus. A Scherzo follows, enlivened by a sequence of dances and maintaining the supremacy of the "Dionysus music." The third movement, an Adagio, may well be called the turning-point of the entire work. Extended cantilena passages assume gradually hymn-like force, final syllables being echoed from the slopes of Mount Cytheron, and then dissolving into demoniac laughter which leads, somewhat unexpectedly, to an "intermezzo," entitled "The Judgment of Calliope." This "opera-within-an-opera," in a style somewhat reminiscent of both Rameau and early Boogie-Woogie, forms as "opera buffa" a much too extended and almost boringly humorless interlude. The final movement, a Passacaglia, is based on a sequence of forty-three notes and contains various reminiscences of motifs

(*Continued on page* 62)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Boccherini: Quartets in D (Op. 58, No. 5); F (Op. 64, No. 1); and D (Op. 64, No. 2). Cambini: D Major (Book 20). Carmirelli Quartet. Music Guild MG 123, $2.39; stereo MS 123, $2.39.	The interests of this disc are at least duple: most consistently and with the greatest pleasure, in the performing group itself, which is the match of any now or recently active in Italy; intermittently, in the content. As noted from other contexts, Pina Carmirelli is a first-class performer on her instruments, also capable of asserting leadership in a firm but unobtrusive way. How the group would fare in other literature would be, at best, a speculation, but there is no question of their affinity for the works with which they are concerned here. Best of them is the D major (Op. 58, No. 5), whose structure is more broadly developed than has been the case with some Boccherini works previously heard from records. As it is attributed to approximately 1800, it would suggest a response to the examples of Mozart and Haydn rather than a spontaneous development on his own. The Cambini is a pleasant work of no special personality. For those who may wonder how four quartets may be accommodated on a single disc, it should be noted that Op. 64, No. 2 is but a single movement. The silky sound of the ensemble is an aural delight throughout.
Chopin: *Barcarolle*; *Berceuse*; *Trois Etudes (Nouvelles)*; *Boléro*; *Berceuse*, *Barcarolle*; *Tarentelle*; and F-minor Fantasy. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM 2889, $4.79; stereo LSC 2889, $5.79.	The "news" of this record is publicized as Rubinstein's first recordings of the *Boléro* and *Tarentelle*. However, what is vitalizing and arresting about it is the old, extraordinary command that Rubinstein has of the mechanics of his instrument, which enables him to echo a *mezzo forte* with a *mezzo piano* in the *Barcarolle*, or broaden a harmonic change within a barely perceptible swelling of dynamics in the *Berceuse*. The result may be evaluated as "peerless artistry" but it is the outcome of a muscular control as rare as it is prizeable. There are more than a few pianists who can thunder through the Fantasy with more impulse than Rubinstein cares to expend on it, but few who can match his introspection in the A flat of the *Trois Nouvelles Etudes*. The piano sound is resonant and alive.
Dvořák: Trios (No. 1 in B flat, No. 4 in E minor); Quartets (No. 1 in D major, No. 2 in E flat); *Bagatelles*, Op. 47. Suzanne Rozsa, violin; Vivian Joseph, cello; and Liza Fuchsova, piano and harmonium, with Walter Gerhart, viola (in the Quartets), and John Willison, second violin (in the Quartets). Vox VBX 71, stereo SVBX 71, $4.98.	Those who are acquainted with the best of the ten quartets (Vox Box 49), or the great *Dumky* trio (the E minor in this issue) will recognize much of the listed contents as pursuing the byways rather than the high road of Dvořák's career. However, this includes some eminently attractive territory, especially that which produced the *Bagatelles* (two violins, cello, and harmonium). The latter have much in common with the serenades for strings, or the waltzes (arranged for quartet from the piano originals). It isn't likely that the individual members (English) of the performing ensemble will be known to American listeners, but they fit precisely into the character of the music they play, with emphasis on character rather than ostentation, and competence rather than virtuosity. My only objection relates to the name by which they are billed: Dumka Trio is a mite cute, like calling performers who specialize in Beethoven string works the Rasumovsky Quartet. William Ober's notes fill their function fully.
Falla: *El Retablo de Maese Pedro*, Teresa Tourné, Renato Cesari, and Pedro Lavirgen, with the Orquesta de Conciertos de Madrid conducted by Pedro de Freitas Branco; Concerto for Harpsichord, Genoveva Gálvez, harpsichord, with Rafaél López del Cid, flute; José Vayá, oboe; Antonio Menendez, clarinet; Luis Antón, violin, and Ricardo Vivó, cello; with José Maria Franco conducting. Epic LC 3919, $4.79; stereo BC 1319, $5.79.	As the only other version currently available of *Master Peter's Puppet Show* is the one on the SPA label, which was first offered as long ago as 1953—it can scarcely be discussed in terms of "competition." However, the advantages of the new one are due to much more than the passage of time and the improvement of mechanical means. Freitas Branco has long been rated a dependable interpreter of Falla, and this time he rises above that median category to achieve something that is close to distinguished. A good deal of this relates to careful exposition of texture, especially instrumental, the excellent average ability of his singers, and the fine microphoning of the whole. The performance of the Concerto is not nearly so successful, the penetration of substance being not nearly so probing. Here favor remains about even between the Decca (with Marlowe) and the Angel (with Soriano), depending on one's preference in companion pieces.
Haydn: Quartets, Op. 33 (Nos. 1-6). The Weller Quartet. London CMA 7214, $4.79; stereo CSA 2214, $5.79.	Haydn's opus numbers are more misleading than most, for he used the system selectively—the 104 symphonies, for example, are excluded wholly from such documentation. It is much more illuminating to relate these Quartets to another manner of reckoning altogether: they were written in 1781, some months before Haydn met Mozart for the first time. It was toward the end of 1782 that Mozart began to write the first six quartets that he dedicated to his older contemporary. Hence, there is every reason to believe that the works of Opus 33 are the ones that stimulated Mozart to a new recognition of how quartets could be written. There are many evidences of the precepts to which Mozart responded, even to the finale of the G major (No. 5) whose variations were surely in Mozart's mind when he wrote those of his D-minor quartet (No. 2 of the Haydn set). One can absorb and enjoy these superbly written, beautifully contrasted works without a thought for anything else, but an awareness of the secondary implications add much. The Weller Quartet, composed of four youngish members of the Vienna Philharmonic, is at its best in the slow movements, no mean recommendation, for some of them are testing indeed. Now and then, as in the first in B minor, leader Weller doesn't assert quite the leadership he should in a fast movement, but the average quality of results attained by the group is very good indeed. The matched sound of the four instruments is endearingly reproduced.
Mozart: Fantasia in F minor (K.608); Fantasia in E minor (K.594); Adagio and Fugue in C minor (K.546); Adagio for a Glass Harmonica (K.356); Andante with variations (K.616); Prelude on the *Ave Verum*. E. Power Biggs, organ. Columbia ML 6256, $4.79; stereo MS 6856, $5.79.	Biggs's enterprise in seeking out these works and mastering their content is to be commended, especially as they were conceived for use as "clock music" or on the glass harmonica, or in some form other than the great, large organ. Having gone so far, it would have been welcome indeed had he gone further and recreated the biggest of them in a less ponderous, pedantic way. He does well enough with the charming Andante (K.616) with its kinship to certain pages of *Zauberflöte*, but the works on side one (the two Fantasias and the Adagio and Fugue in F minor) suffer from being recorded at St. Bavo, in Haarlem, Holland, with its excessive reverberation time ("excessive", that is, for the purposes of recording). The presumption is that because Mozart played on it as a child it somehow has suitability for music he wrote years later, a *non sequitur* if one has ever been perpetrated. In any case, Biggs makes the patterns audible, in tune and on time, and for this, many Mozartians will be grateful.
Mozart: Quartets in D (K. 285); G(285a); C(K.285b) and A (K.298). Karl-Heinz Zöller, flute; Thomas Brandis, violin; Siegbert Ueberschaer, viola; and Wolfgang Boettcher, cello. Deutsche Grammophon 18 997, $5.79; stereo 138 997, $5.79.	Karl-Heinz Zöller, who achieved a substantial esteem for his performance with Nicanor Zabaletta of the Mozart Concerto for Flute and Harp, adds to that good repute with his solid effort in these works. Some prior performances (such as Baron's on Concert-Disc) have reflected more of the sparkle in Mozart's writing, but none has achieved a more cohesive unity than these by Zöller and his fellow members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. To their credit, they respond with the most animation to the works in C and A which have the most characteristically Mozartian substance. The second movement of the C-major, indeed, contains the musical thinking from which Mozart evolved one of the great movements of the B-flat (K.361) Serenade, a comment which embodies its own assurance of quality. —I.K.

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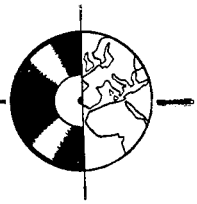
THE OTHER SIDE



Mozart in the Opera House and the Studio

LONDON.

AMONG the first programs to benefit from the BBC's recent decision to initiate stereo transmissions via GE-Zenith multiplex are the nightly broadcasts from this year's Promenade Concerts, which fill every weekday night from July 23 to September 17 and provide their predominantly youthful audiences with a concentrated feast of music that is surely without parallel anywhere. The mere statistics are enough to make one's head spin: Taking part in the fifty concerts are eleven British orchestras plus the Moscow Radio Orchestra, twenty-five conductors (including Sargent, Barbirolli, Bliss, Boulez, Davis, Dorati, Haitink, Horenstein, Kertesz, Rozhdestvensky, Schuller, Solti and Stokowski), eighteen choirs, and well over a hundred vocal and instrumental soloists.

While the standard symphonic and concerto repertoire is well represented, programs also embrace such choral and operatic fare as, for instance, Bach's Mass in B minor, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Part 1 of Berlioz's *The Trojans*, Cavalli's *Messa concertata*, Delius's *A Mass of Life*, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, Haydn's *Theresa Mass*, Tippett's *Vision of St. Augustine*, Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*, two Webern cantatas, much choral music by Byrd and Schütz, complete performances of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* (this year's Glyndebourne production in concert form), and Handel's *Solomon*, not to mention Acts 2 and 3 of *Parsifal* from Solti and the Covent Garden company. There are also a number of world, European, or British premieres, popular evenings devoted to Gilbert and Sullivan and to the lighter Viennese masters —all at prices ranging from 15 shillings ($2.10) for the best seats down to 5 shillings (70¢) for "promenading."

By contrast, the City of London Festival was clearly intended for tourists and our more affluent music lovers; this year's program includes Britten operas (his new *The Burning, Fiery Furnace* as well as *Curlew River*) at Southwark Cathedral, the Verdi and Berlioz Requiems (conducted, respectively, by Giulini and Davis) at St. Paul's Cathedral, *The Yeomen of the Guard* at the Tower, and a splendid array of chamber and orchestral concerts featuring many artists of world renown (Britten conducted the *St. John Passion* and, with Pears, performed Schubert's *Winterreise*).

Meanwhile, Covent Garden has given us, as its final new production of the 1965-66 season, the most delightful *Magic Flute* seen in these parts for many a year. It was already the fourth new production of Mozart's last opera which the Royal Opera House has mounted since the war (where, it will be remembered, *La Bohème* is still staged just as it was in 1897!), but this time such seeming extravagance really paid off. By refusing to shirk the considerable scenic demands of Schikaneder's pantomime, designer John Bury and producer Peter Hall (both of the Royal Shakespeare Company) succeeded in matching most of the magic of Mozart's score with visual enchantment, while yet avoiding any curtain or other hiatus in mid-act.

The opera was sung in a brand-new English translation, and, for the most part, excellently sung, too, by a cast which included only one guest artist: Sylvia Geszty from Hungary, whose Queen of Night was highly creditable. For the rest it was local talent all the way, with Joan Carlyle (Pamina), David Ward (Sarastro), the young Sadler's Wells tenor, John Wakefield (Tamino), and of course the irrepressible Geraint Evans (Papageno).

EVANS, whom we now hear far too rarely since he is in demand all over the world, was superb. He was persuaded by Peter Hall to reorientate his entire conception of the role. This Papageno was not so much the naïve child of nature we all know, but more of a conscious opportunist—a charming rogue or "spiv." It was he, too, who provided the only deliberately anachronistic touches: the portable bird-cage with which he first appears was a shopping-basket-on-wheels, and he prefaced the last verse of "Ein Mädchen" with the aside, "And now with variations . . . and appoggiaturas." In fact, this was more of an "in-joke" than a statement of intent, but I was nevertheless delighted to observe a few appoggiaturas here and there which, only a few years ago, would have been almost unthinkable, while the three ladies inserted an original Mozart cadenza into the end of their first ensemble. There can be little doubt that this was one of the finest evenings at Covent Garden since Solti began his tenure as artistic director.

EMI, too, have lately been busy with Mozart, for Klemperer has now finished recording *Don Giovanni* for Angel behind tightly closed doors. The octogenarian maestro is said to have been in fine fettle, and great things are expected by some from Ghiaurov's assumption of the title-role (others in the cast include Watson, Ludwig, Freni, Gedda and Berry). Also projected by EMI for this summer is a new set of *Messiah*, freshly edited by Basil Lam with plenty of embellishments and—dare I say it again?—appoggiaturas; it will be conducted by Charles Mackerras, whose sterling pioneering work has already done so much to make us aware of the real implications of eighteenth-century style. This, surely, is the kind of repertoire duplication that is really worthwhile, though *Messiah* is perhaps an extreme example since hardly two recordings offer anything like the same text in any case!

Vol. 3 of EMI's "Treasury of English Church Music" marks the recording debut of the choir of Guildford Cathedral, heard to splendid advantage, under the direction of Bernard Rose, in beautiful anthems and motets by Purcell, Humfrey, Greena, Travers, and Boyce. Other series projects represented this month, both by their concluding issue, are Bartók's String Quartets (Juilliard Quartet) and the Bach Flute Sonatas (Elaine Shaffer, with George Malcolm and Ambrose Gauntlett on harpsichord and viola da gamba), while Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra contribute forceful, if somewhat coarse performances of popular pieces by Sibelius.

From the Decca group, whose outstanding achievements in the field of operatic recording have won official recognition with the award, in the recent "Birthday Honors," of the Order of the British Empire to John Culshaw, comes a very brief list, mainly confined to RCA. On Decca's own label we have only Ansermet's new, complete recording of Stravinsky's *Pulcinella*—a badly timed issue, since CBS had just released the composer's own version, which, though not quite as beautifully recorded as Ansermet's, offers the more pointed and compelling account of this delectable score. The RCA contingent includes the new Leinsdorf set of Verdi's *Requiem*, for which no one here has been able to muster much enthusiasm; a Gilels disc containing two Schubert sonatas which did not quite fulfil my expectations; the attractive Heifetz/Piatigorsky Concerts disc containing works by Arensky, Martinu, and Vivaldi; and reissues of notable Toscanini discs.

These last are most welcome, since it is becoming increasingly evident that, in this country at any rate, older recordings can only hope to enjoy reasonable sales on the cheaper labels. It would be a great pity if Decca's plans for marking next year's Toscanini centennial by reissuing most of his major recordings on Victrola were vetoed by the maestro's executors.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie: *Basie's Beatle Bag*. Basie, piano and organ, with sixteen-piece orchestra; Bill Henderson, vocal, on "Yesterday". Verve V6-8659, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Perhaps Basie is single-handedly trying to save the pound, for this comes rather quickly on top of his encounter with James Bond. As if the Beatles' songs were not handicap enough, the recording is indifferent, Basie himself being under-recorded on both piano and organ. The treble needs consistent boosting, and the rhythm section generally sounds as though it were in another room. Chico O'Farrill's arrangements and the band's performances are valiant in the circumstances, and Lockjaw Davis, Al Grey and Al Aarons take care of the major solo responsibilities as capably as ever. On "And I Love Her," there is a rarity, a graceful little duet between the pianist and his guitarist, Freddie Greene.
Billie Holiday: *The Golden Years, Vol. II*. Billie Holiday, vocal, with instrumental groups of six, seven, eight, nine, and ten pieces. Columbia C3L-40, (3 records) mono only, $11.37. *Lady*. Billie Holiday, vocal, with trio, sextet, and bands of eleven and twenty-three pieces. VSP-5, mono and stereo, $2.49.	The well-titled Columbia set covers the years from 1935 to 1942, roughly the same period as Vol. I (C3L-21). The early records in which Billie Holiday sang as vocalist with "Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra" still have a very special cachet. Usually allotted only one chorus, she made the most of it, although she was often competing with the finest jazz soloists of the day, such as Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Lester Young, Buster Bailey, Dickie Wells, Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Jonah Jones, Cootie Williams, Henry Allen, and Hot Lips Page, not to mention Teddy Wilson, whose sparkling piano redeems the occasional sad tempo or lethargic rhythm section. Many of these men were masters of lyrical re-phrasing, and their obbligati seldom failed to enhance her singing. Hodges and Young play side by side on the three titles from May 11, 1937 (Hodges is not listed in the booklet), and it is amusing to compare their way with theme statements. The concept of a single vocal chorus within a jazz context is refreshing today, when the tendency is toward albums that are all-vocal or all-instrumental, the latter often inexplicably featuring one soloist only. Nearly all the tracks on the third record are by "Billie Holiday and Her Orchestra," and here the vocalist-personality, already more popular, is allotted more than a chorus. There are arrangements, some draggy tempos, excellent choruses by Roy Eldridge, but generally less and less room for jazz soloists. The material on the VSP is from 1955-59. Heard after the Columbia set, it shows a shocking deterioration in her voice and the painful substitution of artifice for artistry.
The Jazz Piano: Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Mary Lou Williams, Billy Taylor, Charles Bell, George Wein, piano; Larry Gales or Eustis Guillemet, bass; Ben Riley, drums. RCA Victor LPM 3499, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	The piano workshop at last year's festival in Pittsburgh was an outstanding event, and this is a worthy record of it. Ellington is heard in a blues duet with Hines entitled "House of Lords." Hines unaccompanied, revisits an old favorite, "Somehow." The Lion roars as mightily as ever on "Contrary Motion," and dominates (after Hines leaves) a version of "Rosetta" on which five pianists play. Mary Lou Williams, a peeress among peers, proves once more that she is a major and neglected talent in two brilliant solos. Taylor duets imaginatively with Hines on "Sweet Lorraine," and demonstrates his own formidable left hand on "Biddy's Beat." The record, indeed, is a miniature history of what happened to the pianist's left hand in jazz. Bell, the youngest, presents the contemporary approach in an attractive "Whisper Not." The duets, being completely spontaneous, have momentary weaknesses, but in sum this is an album not to be missed.
Harlan Leonard: *Harlan Leonard and His Rockets*. Leonard, alto saxophone, with twelve-piece band. Victor LPV-531, mono only, $4.79.	Here are sixteen performances (four previously unissued) recorded in 1940 by a Kansas City band that never received due recognition. A point of particular interest is that several of the arrangements are the earliest existing examples of the late Tadd Dameron's work. The band plays with spirit and contains two exceptional soloists in Fred Beckett (trombone) and Henry Bridges (tenor saxophone). Both improvise with imagination, although the former was obviously much influenced by Trummy Young, and Bridges's solos bear a resemblance to those of Basie's Herschel Evans. "A la Bridges," on which each is featured in a Dameron arrangement, is an exceptional performance.
Brother Jack McDuff: *A Change Is Gonna Come*. McDuff, organ and vocal, with nonet and quintet. Atlantic 1463, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	McDuff is one of the most convincing blues organists, the last two titles on the second side being excellent examples of his work. The tempos are slow and he holds the foreground throughout, while a couple of saxophones moan quietly behind. There is no emotional overstatement nor abuse of the instrument's power. The stops he uses are appropriate to jazz and he has a real gift for rhythmic phraseology. Besides the indigenous numbers, he takes a Brazilian import called "Minha Saudada" and makes it surprisingly palatable.
Billy Strayhorn: *Billy Strayhorn Live!* Strayhorn, piano, with fourteen-piece band. Roulette R-52119, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	This album was reputedly recorded live in Chicago during 1958 by most of the Duke Ellington band, with Billy Strayhorn in the leader's place at the piano. The recording, especially in stereo, is full and warm, and the performances have a relaxed quality not often obtained in the studio. Five of the numbers are familiar vehicles for Johnny Hodges, who was obviously in good humor and form. He is also the major soloist on "In a Mellotone." "Sophisticated Lady" is a showcase for Harry Carney's baritone saxophone, and "Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool" is a seven-minute dialogue between Shorty Baker (trumpet) and Ray Nance (violin). Complete with Baker's uninhibited vocal comments, this is less polished but more exciting than the version issued earlier on Columbia.
Ed Thigpen: *Out of the Storm*. Thigpen, drums; Clark Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Herbie Hancock, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter, bass. Verve V6-8663, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	In his first album as a leader, Thigpen makes colorful yet tasteful use of a pedal-operated tom-tom with variable pitch. On this showing, the instrument would seem to have considerable potential for jazz. Besides trumpet and flugelhorn, Terry also plays on his mouthpiece, simulating the sea and seagulls on "Out of the Storm," an atmospheric piece which, in its expression of "inner turmoil," seems at first to caricature the *avant-garde*. Terry's versatility is even more admirably demonstrated on "Heritage," where his muted, low-register growling recalls Rex Stewart's "Menelik." For a finale and a surprise, there is Louis Armstrong's "Struttin' with Some Barbecue" by the rhythm section alone, and here Burrell's guitar is particularly rewarding.
Father Tom Vaughn: *At the Village Gate*. Vaughn, piano; Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. RCA Victor LPM 3577, $3.79; stereo, $4.79. Fr. Malcolm Boyd: *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?* Boyd, speech; Charlie Byrd, guitar. Columbia CL 2548, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Father Vaughn plays the contemporary clichés competently, and he is well supported by Davis and Jones, but it is arguable whether the profession will not view such competition as a case of the shepherd taking the bread out of the mouths of the flock. A large part of the audience, on the other hand, may well find irresistible the mere idea of an Episcopalian priest swinging "Get Me to the Church on Time." The hip prayers of Father Boyd (another Episcopalian) are gently accompanied by Charlie Byrd. Perhaps they fulfil a need of our time, but to this listener these intimate communings with the Almighty are, on a commercial phonograph record, in decidedly dubious taste. —Stanley Dance.

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Taping True, for Less

IN HOME SOUND equipment, the word "professional" is more often grossly misapplied to low-priced, low-quality equipment than to high-quality amateur components — which would still be a misapplication of the term. Professional sound equipment differs in kind as much as in degree from the amateur variety. It incorporates different operating concepts and features and —in the price ranges where home and professional overlap—may sacrifice performance in one area to gain it elsewhere (*e.g.*, limiting high frequency response to gain a better signal-to-noise ratio).

Especially among tape recorders, there exists a class of semi-professional equipment (often descended from professional lines) usable, within limits, for home or studio applications. Three such recorders are the Magnecord 1020 ($595 in furniture enclosure), Revox G36 ($500 in carrying case), and the Dynaco Beocord 2000 ($498 in teak enclosure, $525 in portable case with speakers). As one would expect from machines in this price range, such specifications as frequency response, wow, flutter, noise, and the like are excellent. But this is equally true of other home recorders in this price range. It is their features, and the operating philosophies behind them, that make these three recorders stand out, and confer upon them some measure of a professional cachet.

All three have recording-level meters; those on the Magnecord and Revox are calibrated to professional standards. All three have separate record and playback heads and amplifier circuits, permitting instant comparison between the input and the recorded signal. All three also have tape-position counters, a feature useful in the home but rarely found on professional equipment. The heads on all three are relatively inaccessible, making tape-editing difficult; only those amateurs who edit extensively will care, but professionals will find them inadequate for most studio applications, though serving well in the field, where editing is seldom done.

The Magnecord 1020 is the most professional of the three in its ancestry, yet the least professional in its intent. Mechanically, the 1020 only differs from Magnecord's more expensive professional 1024 and 1022 ($648 and $735 respectively, less cases) in having a tape counter, lacking provision for an extra, ½-track playback head, and using a less rugged but less expensive speed-changing system. The 1020, 1022, and 1024 are alone among American recorders in accepting reels of tape up to 8¼ inches in diameter, holding half again as much tape as the 7-inch reel used on most home machines. (Magnecord dealers sell empty 8¼-inch reels, and Magnecord predicts that tape on 8¼-inch reels will soon be available.) All Magnecords use three motors—one for each reel and one for the capstan that drives the tape; the complex drive linkages of one- and two-motor machines are less reliable, and a three-motor machine can rewind tape faster (an important feature in commercial recording).

THE more professional 1022 and 1024 have plug-in-modular circuits, for quick testing and repair, and room for the later addition of accessory circuits. Both provide for easily checking and adjusting record bias current, and have unusually elaborate input mixing controls. The 1020 lacks these features. It has been slicked-up and smoothed-down for home use. It is more compact, and looks more like furniture, less like a machine.

And it is far simpler to operate. Where the all-professional 1022 has seventeen control knobs, and the semi-professional 1024 has fifteen knob shafts (two pairs of controls being concentric), the 1020 has but nine, and eight of these nine are in concentric pairs, for a net of five knob shafts. Concentric controls are harder to adjust independently, but easy to adjust together. Psychologically they "clean up" the control panel, make operation look easier and more inviting—important to the home user, less so to the pro. The Magnecord is not, in itself, an exciting machine, despite its high quality, nor is it a professional one. It wears, in part, the mantle of its professional counterparts, but it is designed—and very well, at that—for the home. Heath has announced a kit version of the 1020.

Like the Magnecord, the Revox is more a professional machine mechanically than it is electrically. It is probably the least expensive recorder accepting professional-standard 10½-inch reels (which hold twice as much tape as the home-standard 7-inch variety) and its transport is, like the Magnecord's a three-motor affair, controlled by solenoid pushbuttons that can be actuated by a light touch. The Revox's ability to quickly stop, start, or reverse itself, even with a full, heavy 10½-inch reel, is exceptional—and exceptional fun. There is provision for an accessory remote start-stop switch.

The electronics of the Revox are a bit unusual. The Magnecord is a "deck," incorporating no power amplifiers or speakers, and designed to be played back through an external sound system. The Dynaco Beocord has its own stereo amplifier and—in the portable version—a pair of speakers. But the Revox has a single internal amplifier and speaker, which may be switched to monitor the input into either channel, the output from either channel of the tape, or the outputs of both tape channels, mixed into a monophonic signal. Quick comparisons *in stereo* between the input signal and its recorded image on the tape do not appear possible, even with auxiliary amplifiers and speakers, barring this model from many professional applications.

The Revox does, however, have internal switching for sound-on-sound recording and echo (in a professional machine, external connections would be needed) and input signal mixing, but these functions are again predicated on the Revox's monophonic use. The Revox is designed for those amateurs who make simple stereo recordings and occasional, more complex monophonic tapes, and who need the large reel capacity. It is an excellent machine for taping long selections off the air, especially as it can be set to begin recording at a timer's command (this is true of few recorders).

The Dynaco Beocord 2000 is for the amateur with professional ambitions. It has more elaborate input mixing facilities than any other recorder (while the true professional machine has none to speak of, being designed for use in a studio with even more elaborate facilities). It also has such "un-professional" features as: a one-motor deck with but a 7-inch-reel capacity and an extra, slow speed of 1⅞ ips; internal echo and sound-on-sound connections, tone controls for the output amplifier, a tape counter, and an optional teak-wood, furniture enclosure.

There are three stereo pairs of inputs, each with its own professional slider-type input level control, so six inputs may be mixed at once. The Beocord is usually supplied with one pair of high-level inputs (for connection to tuner, preamps, etc.), one pair of low-level, equalized phono inputs (for direct connection to a magnetic phono cartridge), and a pair of low-impedance (200-ohm) microphone inputs, accepting most professional microphones except the condensor types. With this standard selection of input circuits, and with the 8-watt-per-channel stereo amplifier built in, the Dynaco Beocord can become the nucleus of a home stereo system.

Like many professional machines, the

(*Continued on page 62*)

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What Would The Critics Say About Your Music System?

The music system "was so successful Tuesday that even the tuning of violins could be heard a quarter of a mile away."
—*Milwaukee Journal*

". . . carried beautifully over the amplification system to the far rim of the audience."
—*Ericson, N. Y. Times*

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Shouldn't the music reproduction system in your living room be designed to these same standards?

Bozak

DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

Webern

Continued from page 49

sion, rather than being a mere reduction of the large orchestral apparatus, so intricately reweaves the tonal tapestry, by reassigning every note and motif, that an entirely new fabric and color results. One must consider this a veritable recreation, rather than a mere arrangement in the usual sense.

Besides making such alternate versions of his own compositions, Webern had also transcribed a number of works by Arnold Schoenberg. Found here were the original manuscripts of these arrangements from Schoenberg's Six Orchestral Songs, Opus 8, and the Chamber Symphony, Opus 9, to *Friede auf Erden*, Opus 13, the a cappella chorus for which Webern scored a complement of assisting instruments. There was Webern's two-piano version, magnificent in workmanship, of his teacher's Five Orchestral Pieces, Opus 16, and also that of the Prelude to *Gurrelieder*, arranged for two pianos, eight hands (a performance of this reduction occurred as early as January 14, 1910, and its success is said to have prompted Schoenberg to complete his monumental work, begun in 1900 and not finished until 1911). There were also Schoenberg's choral settings of several fifteenth- and sixteenth-century German folksongs, neatly copied out by Webern who performed them with a workers' singing group conducted by him from 1923 until the "Dollfuss Revolution" in February, 1934.

Between Webern's own compositions lay some manuscripts in handwritings other than his. A song with piano accompaniment was recognized at once as Gustav Mahler's autograph. The song, entitled "Lob der Kritik," turned out to be an early version of the one contained in the *Wunderhorn* cycle under the title "Lob des hohen Verstandes." Mahler had been friendly with the younger composer, then in his twenties, and apparently had presented the manuscript to Webern, who henceforth kept it among his treasured possessions.

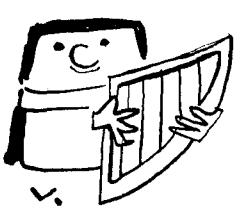
What would need to be done first, however, was to inform the family and rightful heirs and let them make proper disposition. The three of us began boxing the books and music. Special care was lavished on the heads, particularly upon the Webern bust which had brought us to the attic. Precariously, the cardboard boxes and the wooden crate were lowered down the ladder. An old-fashioned leather suitcase followed. It had already served Webern's father as a travel bag, and later on accompanied the composer on his own journeys. This large bag, too, was filled to the rim with books. Save that it served this practical function, I could not have persuaded my companions that this shapeless relic should come along. As Webern's eldest daughter, Amalie, told us later, even her mother had objected to his carrying about so outmoded a piece! By the time we had loaded the car, trunk space and back seat were packed to the roof. We all were covered with dust and dirt. In the courtyard, we brushed each other's clothes and washed our hands and faces from a pail of water.

Before we left Perchtoldsdorf, we stopped at the house where Hugo Wolf had lived on and off during the years 1888-1895. We climbed the worn stone staircase that spirals upward in the tower-like building. In a room on the top floor, only an iron bedstead is to be seen, a crude table by the window, and a grand piano. Not much to make this a museum, but shrines are built by history and a spirit of consecration. The white heat of creative fever in which most of Hugo Wolf's masterworks had been forged, from the Mörike songs to the opera *Der Corregidor*, remains bound up within these barren walls.

Dusk had come when we began heading back toward Vienna. In reality, the fog had never lifted on this dark day, and night was settling quite imperceptibly, but a steady glow of happiness burned in our hearts. We realized how privileged we were: Providence had permitted us to find a great artist's legacy. Within a short day's span, the knowledge of Webern's work had multiplied. The discovery would place Webern scholarship on a new basis; the list of his compositions would be substantially augmented.

Somehow, however, this knowledge already belonged to the past. Before us lay the days and months of laborious research, of identification and classification, before any dissemination could take place and the forgotten music would break into sound. But first of all, we would spend many hours of this night in spreading out the manuscripts on our bedroom floor, to cleanse them from the grains of debris, to smooth their ragged edges and to wipe off the films of dust which had accumulated over the past twenty years. With this, there also would begin the long excruciating task of collating anew the many disassembled pages which had been shuffled like a deck of cards in that strange game played by fate.

At last, long after midnight, we would sink into a dreamless sleep, after a day which in itself had been but a fantastic dream.



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Pillars and Columns

A WRITER—and Irving Kolodin is good in musicology—should know the exact meaning of all the words he uses lest he corrupt the ill-informed who respect him. There is no such thing as "supporting pillars" as mentioned in the article "The New Center at Saratoga" [*SR*, July 30]. A pillar is free-standing—as almost any dictionary will convey. "A pillar of fire by night" was not supporting the heavens.

C. M. WISE.

Milton, Fla.

P.S. To emphasize the term "column," students of architecture used to be told "A pillar is what you sleep on."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It all depends. There are some columns you sleep on too, depending on who writes them. As for the definition, in "almost any dictionary," my preferred source—Webster's New International—gives, as the first definition: "A firm, upright, insulated support, slender or narrow compared to its height, for a superstructure. . . ." It was exactly in such context that it was used.*

Deutschland, Etc.

LET'S BE FAIR. Gerald Johnson, in a letter in this column on July 30, defines *Deutschland über Alles,* along with others, as an aggressive anthem. Regardless of how it may have been interpreted lately, *Deutschland über Alles* originally was the mildest and most non-nationalistic of patriotic songs. Its only reference to war was so oblique it isn't certain that war was being referred to. The key words did not mean that Germany was supposed to rule the world, but that Germans were supposed to love their country more than anything else in the world; it very clearly defines the territorial limits of Germany, and they were roughly what they were before World War I. It was written at a time when Germany was just a collection of individual states and tried only to inspire Germans with a feeling that extended beyond the small state. It is probably the only national anthem that extols wine, women, and song. The finest dream that it wishes for Germany is "union, right, and freedom." Fair enough?

I know I'm going to catch hell for this.

ELOISE LEHNERT.

Blairstown, N.J.

Live, from the Source

THE RECENT PUBLICITY of "pirate recordings" ["Piracy on the High C's," *SR*, March 26] should alert record manufacturers to a method of obtaining performances of the highest quality.

Great Bellini, Verdi, and Puccini should be performed and recorded live, not under studio conditions. It is in the live performance where singer and listener affect each other that opera frequently has its greatest dramatic and vocal unity. The recorded Caballé debut in *Lucrezia Borgia* shows the excitement and quality that can be achieved in live performances.

Why can't live operatic performances by important companies and artists be issued by the record manufacturers that hold their contracts?

MERRITT WILSON.
ROLF SAUER.

Philadelphia, Penn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Most companies prefer to record under studio conditions. Furthermore, union agreements prohibit recording of most live performances. . . .*

Rebuttal in Kind

FOR ME, the tone of Mr. Gold's reply to Dr. Lang's "strictures" on *The Baroque Era* in this column on July 30 evoked one word that was used to describe *The Star-Spangled Banner*—"militant."

Having carefully read and listened to *The Baroque Era,* I'm convinced that Dr. Lang not only answered Mr. Gold's "battle-cry," but delivered a triumphant rebuttal.

LYNDA M. ELLIS.

Seattle, Wash.

Letters of Bruno Walter

S. FISCHER VERLAG of Frankfurt/am Main is preparing an edition of the letters of Bruno Walter. They would be grateful to anyone possessing such letters who would make available photo copies of them. They should be addressed to S. Fischer Verlag, 6 Frankfurt 1, Mainzer Landstrasse 10-12. Postfach 3489.

VANGUARD
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Coming September 24

***SR*'s Preview of The New York High Fidelity Institute Show.**

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Henze

Continued from page 55

associated with Agave and Dionysus.

Presented without intermission, the work, after two-and-a-half hours, almost exhausts the viewer's patience and attention. The production was staged by Gustav Rudolf Sellner and presented in the décor created by Filippo Sanjust, who also designed the costumes according to the author's detailed specifications that called for everything from the classical to "mod." Oddly enough, everything blended together. So did the excellent work of the Vienna Philharmonic, led by Christoph von Dohnányi; of the Vienna State Opera Chorus prepared by Walter Hagen-Groll; and of the Salzburg Festival Ballet, choreographed by Deryk Mendel. The cast consisted of Kerstin Meyer, Ingeborg Hallstein, Vera Little (the American mezzo-soprano in a Gaea- or Erda-like part), Kostas Paskalis, Loren Driscoll, Peter Lagger, Helmut Melchert, and William Dooley—each one giving his best and adding individualistic grandeur to the imposing and cleverly executed performance.

THE audience feted the authors and all their helpers for fifteen minutes. *The Bassarids* may have an operatic future—alas, not in its present form. Did Auden, Kallman, and Henze try to reach the stars? Perhaps. But they remained mortals. In a sharply cut form and with at least one intermission, the work may prove to have a stronger appeal. Wherever presented, audiences should be forewarned to do their homework in Greek mythology and Western history, a *sine qua non* for the full understanding of this product by three highly intellectual spirits. —ROBERT BREUER.

Taping True

Continued from page 59

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1690

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Opening word of Goldsmith's "unfriended, melancholy" *Traveller.*	64 134 11 80 52 39
B. Line on a weather map joining locations having the same temperatures.	168 150 184 174 181 163 147 8
C. One who will not believe until he sees.	26 112 3 153 65 40
D. What the conventional person will always do or say (2 wds.)	14 53 98 185 157 46 2 24
E. An inlaid ornament, or one in relief on a surface, of interest to an archeologist.	182 117 79 187 6 10 172
F. Play a child's outdoor game of dancing in a circle (comp.)	57 96 44 83 146 36 108 71 33
G. Rope by which the mainsail, either fore-and-aft or square, is trimmed and secured.	139 16 74 169 51 5 90 30 161
H. The hopes that Browning says *may dwindle* by "flashes" and "fire-flames" (*Cristina*).	165 34 20 50 45 18 178 67 97
I. Popular form of certain alimentary pastes.	127 56 92 87 102 76 191
J. Genus of Gracie Fields' "biggest" house plant in the world.	124 116 94 29 128 149 120 155 160 1
K. Describing the rapid alternation of favorable and unfavorable prospects (comp.)	151 22 58 9 189 69 133 84 156 115
L. Deviation from what is normal, right, proper, beautiful, etc.	107 21 179 100 93 167 37 180 140

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Insists upon.	27 106 170 62 144
N. Anodyne plant used by the ancients, which has been identified as either the opium poppy or hashish.	38 129 91 136 23 17 89 43
O. Specifying the original theory of evolution.	28 113 7 131 175 119 66 85 137
P. Given name of contemporary Contessa Ciano.	138 121 73 118
Q. Confused noises; fraudulent schemes.	130 35 176 148 192 63 19
R. Expedients frequently implying evasiveness or trickery.	111 162 60 110 48 78
S. Special seasonal times set apart for fasting and prayer in R.C. and Anglican churches (2 wds.)	123 166 183 68 135 103 154 82 47
T. Yields.	132 109 158 152 86 125 61
U. Wearing apparel in general.	104 72 164 31 77 59 32 143
V. Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, and Ruth.	95 173 186 12 141 54 126 41 15
W. Pawls, or detents, for holding or propelling a certain type of wheel.	122 70 88 99 145 188 171 25
X. Something which Ogden Nash says no McTavish is ever.	13 105 75 42 177 142
Y. Those who fail to pursue courses of study entered upon.	81 114 190 55 159 101 4 49

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 J	2 D	3 C	4 Y	5 G	6 E	7 O		8 B	9 K	10 E	11 A	12 V				
13 X		14 D	15 V	16 G	17 N		18 H	19 Q		20 H	21 L	22 K	23 N	24 D		25 W				
26 C	27 M	28 O	29 J	30 G	31 U		32 U	33 F		34 H	35 Q	36 F	37 L	38 N	39 A					
40 C	41 V	42 X	43 N	44 F	45 H	46 D	47 S	48 R	49 Y		50 H	51 G		52 A	53 D	54 V				
	55 Y	56 I	57 F	58 K	59 U	60 R	61 T	62 M		63 Q	64 A	65 C	66 O	67 H	68 S	69 K				
	70 W	71 F		72 U		73 P	74 G	75 X	76 I	77 U	78 R		79 E	80 A	81 Y	82 S				
83 F	84 K	85 O	86 T	87 I		88 W	89 N	90 G		91 N	92 I	93 L	94 J	95 V	96 F	97 H				
98 D		99 W	100 L	101 Y	102 I	103 S		104 U	105 X	106 M	107 L		108 F	109 T	110 R					
111 R	112 C	113 O	114 Y	115 K	116 J		117 E	118 P	119 O	120 J		121 P	122 W	123 S	124 J	125 T				
	126 V	127 I	128 J	129 N	130 Q	131 O	132 T	133 K	134 A	135 S		136 N	137 O	138 P	139 G	140 L				
	141 V	142 X	143 U		144 M	145 W	146 F	147 B	148 Q		149 J	150 B		151 K	152 T					
153 C	154 S	155 J	156 K	157 D		158 T	159 Y	160 J		161 G	162 R	163 B		164 U	165 H	166 S				
167 L	168 B	169 G	170 M		171 W	172 E	173 V	174 B	175 O	176 Q	177 X		178 H	179 L		180 L				
181 B	182 E		183 S	184 B	185 D	186 V	187 E	188 W	189 K	190 Y	191 I	192 Q								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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